THE PRIMARY SONG BOOK.

ORSON F. WHITNEY

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Des. I. I. Sing B. - "America"
None of the hymns quoted by the
Chicago "American" are in the Primary Song Book
Nor in the Des. S. S. Sing Book of 1894

The PRIMARY SONG BOOK

The PRIMARY SONG BOOK

Published by

THE GENERAL BOARD OF
PRIMARY ASSOCIATIONS

of the

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
1905

UPD

PREFACE.

This collection of songs has been prepared by the General Board for the Primary Associations throughout the Church. They have been compiled with much loving thought and labor and with the earnest hope that officers and children will find pleasure and profit in their use.

Many of the songs are new and this opportunity is taken to express grateful thanks to all who have assisted in any way towards making the Primary Song Book a success.

Some old favorites have been included, among which will be found many of the original songs written expressly for the Primary Associations.

We offer a few suggestions to choristers:

Be patient. Do not tire of repetition. Be thorough. Be sure the children understand the meaning of the words they sing. Teach exact pronunciation and do not mistake shouting for singing. While the child's voice is of great compass, it should remain beautiful and sweet—music is not noise. Remember you are making first impressions and they are lasting.

The Good Shepherd has taught us that the angels who watch over little children are of those who have reached the highest altitudes of heaven. What an incentive to loving service in the thought that we are co-workers with them "who do always behold the face of the Father!"

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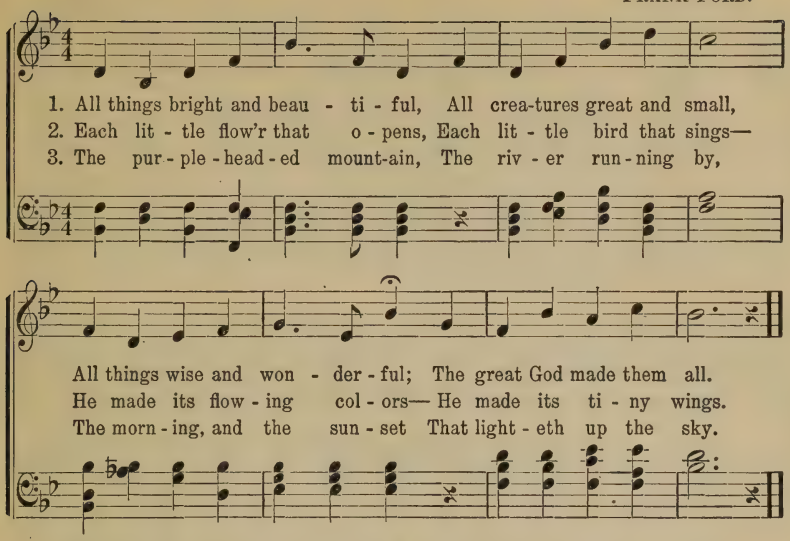
No. 1. All Things Bright and Beautiful.

FRANK FORD.

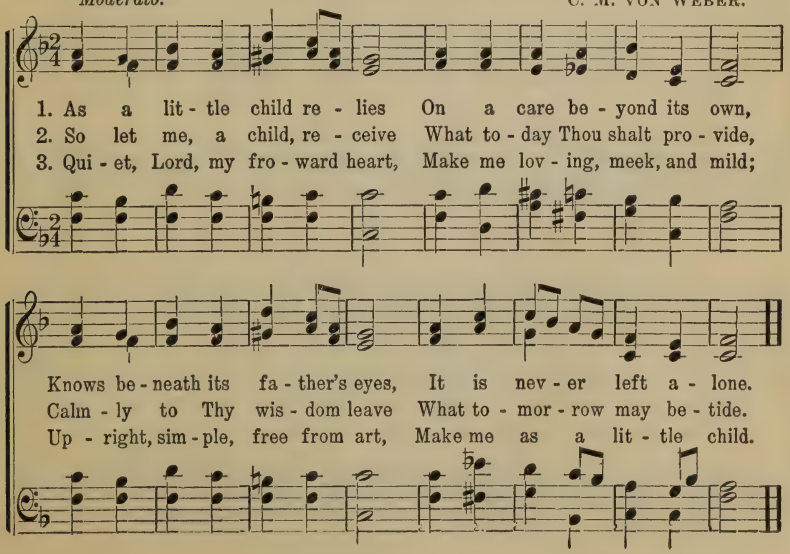


4 The tall trees in the greenwood,
The pleasant summer sun,
The ripe fruit in the garden—
He made them every one.

5 He gave us eyes to see them,
And lips that we might tell
How great is God Almighty,
That doeth all things well.

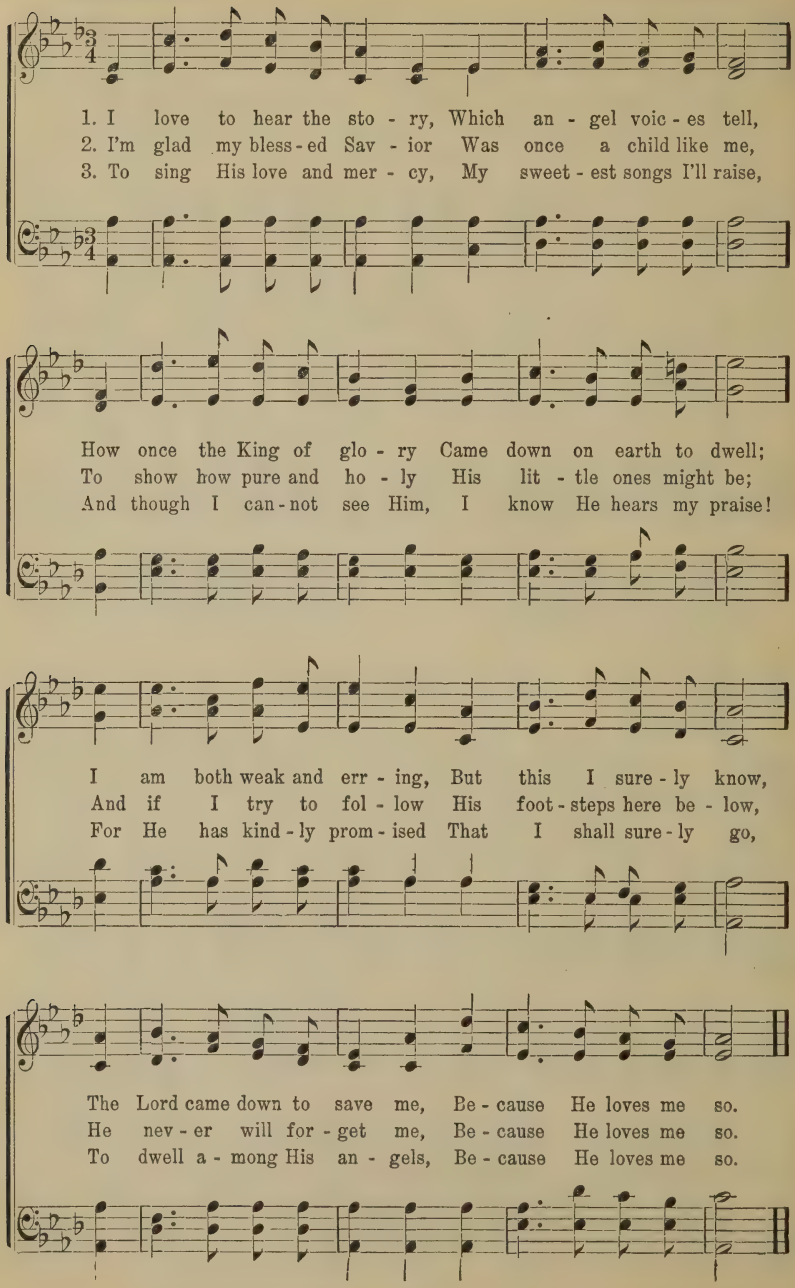
No. 2. As a Little Child.

Moderato. C. M. VON WEBER.



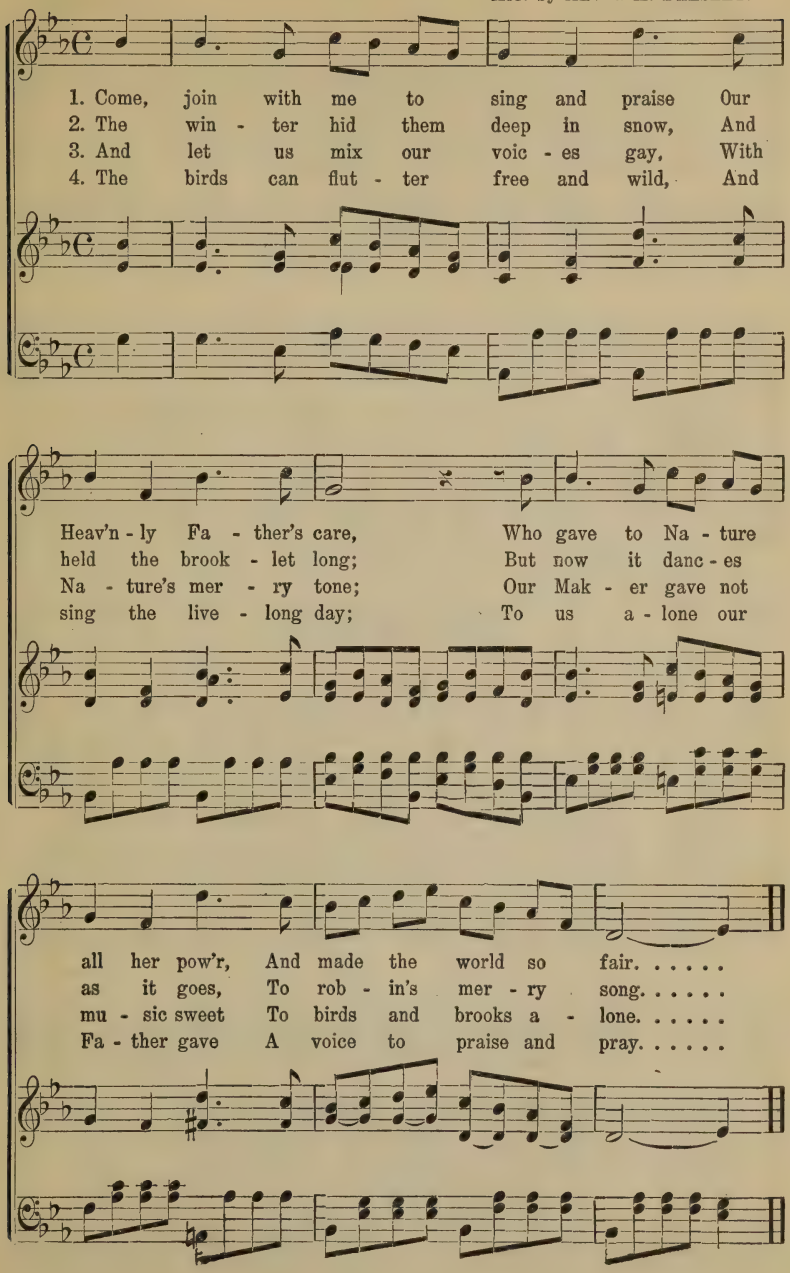
No. 3. Because He Loves Me So.

Words selected. H. H. PETERSEN.



No. 4. Come Join With Me to Sing and Praise.

Arr. by ALVIN A. BEESLEY.



No. 5. Children's Morning Song.

L. Dalton. Arr. E. Beesley.

1. "High in Heav'n a - bove us, Where the an - gels dwell,
2. Low on earth be - neath us, Where our footsteps stray,
3. Nev - er, nev - er grieve Him, Think - ing a - ny ill;

God will ev - er love us If we serve Him well."
God can hear and see us, Night as well as day.
Ev - er try to please Him, Do - ing His good will.

No. 6. Hymn of Praise.

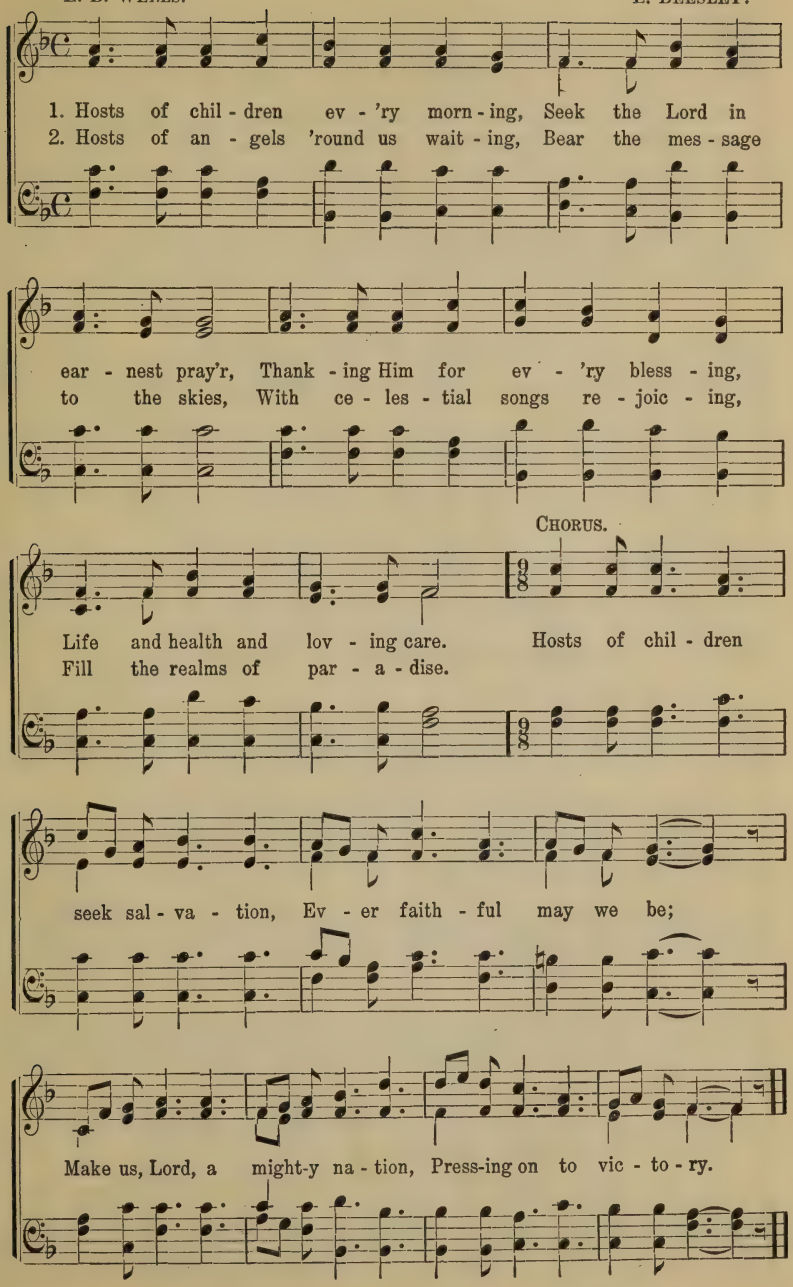
E. Stephens. Alfred Peterson.

1. I'll strive while young to tune my voice, To songs of praise and love,
2. He gives His chil - dren here be - low A thou-sand bless-ings rare,
3. He loves each lit - tle, harm-less child, The poor and low - ly heart;
4. O, Fa - ther, good and full of grace, Tune Thou my heart and voice,

The theme, of which I'll make a choice, Shall be my God a - bove.
Each pass - ing day and hour doth show His lov - ing, ten - der care.
And e'en the soul with sin de - filed, Re - pent - ing hath a part.
That I may ev - er chant Thy praise, And in Thy love re - joice.

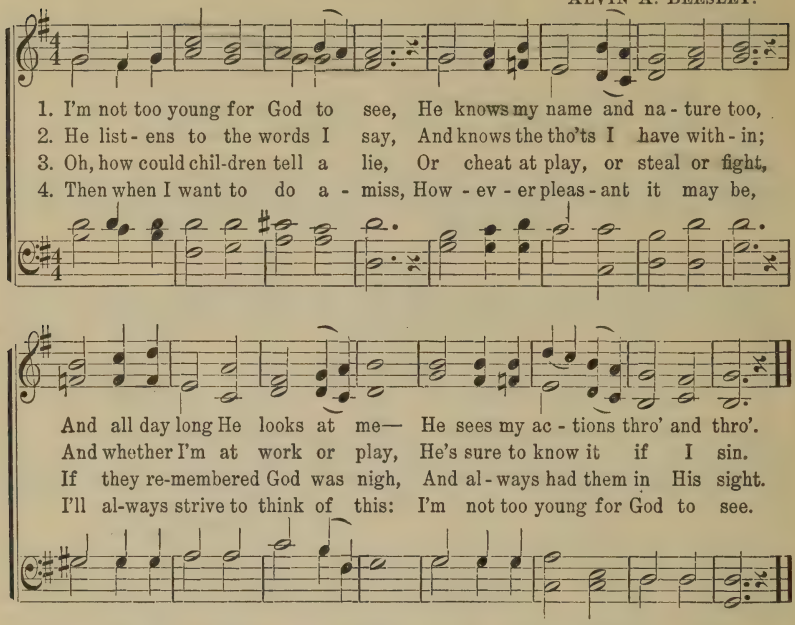
No. 7. Our Children.

E. B. Wells. E. Beesley.



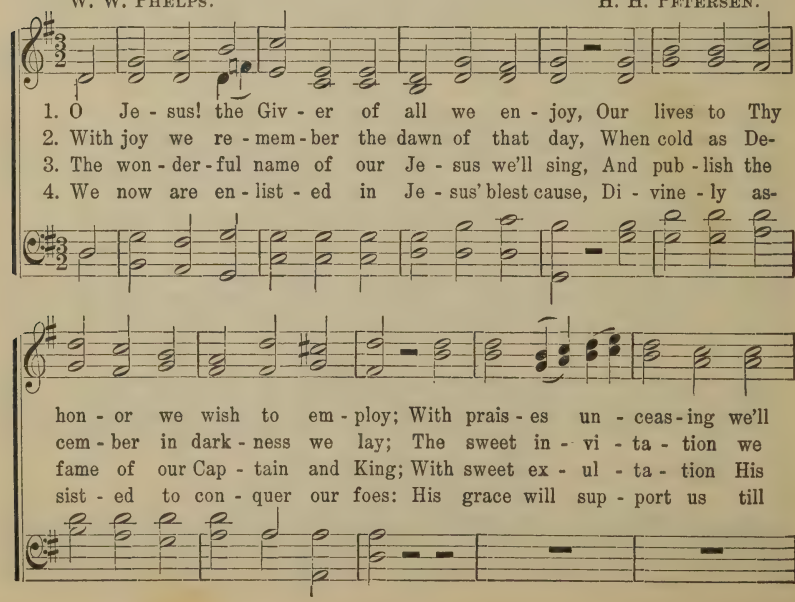
No. 8. I'm Not Too Young for God to See.

ALVIN A. BEESLEY.

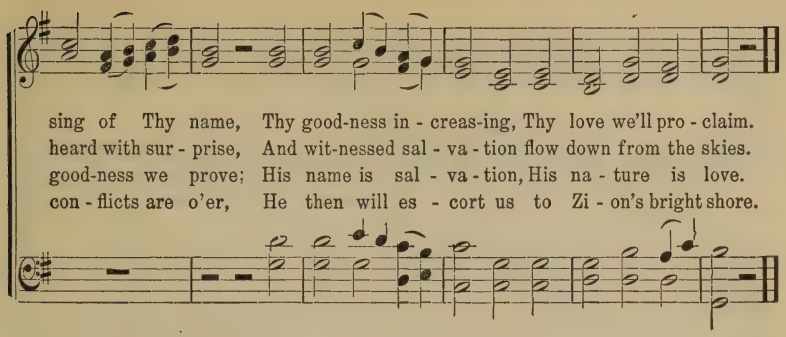


No. 9. O Jesus! the Giver of All We Enjoy.

W. W. PHELPS. H. H. PETERSEN.

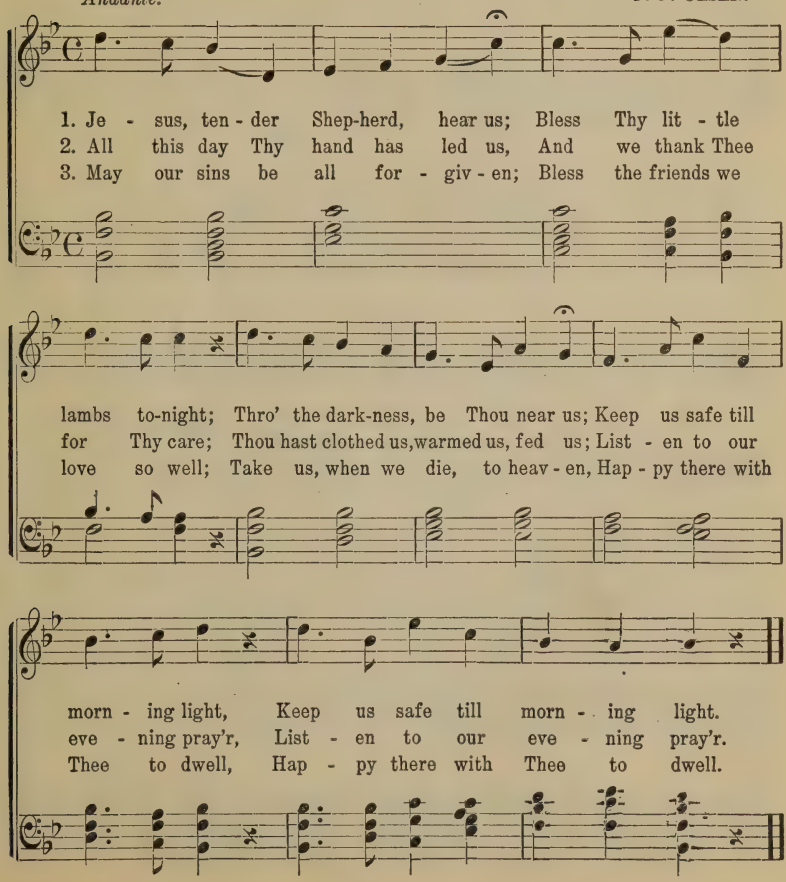


O Jesus! the Giver of All We Enjoy.



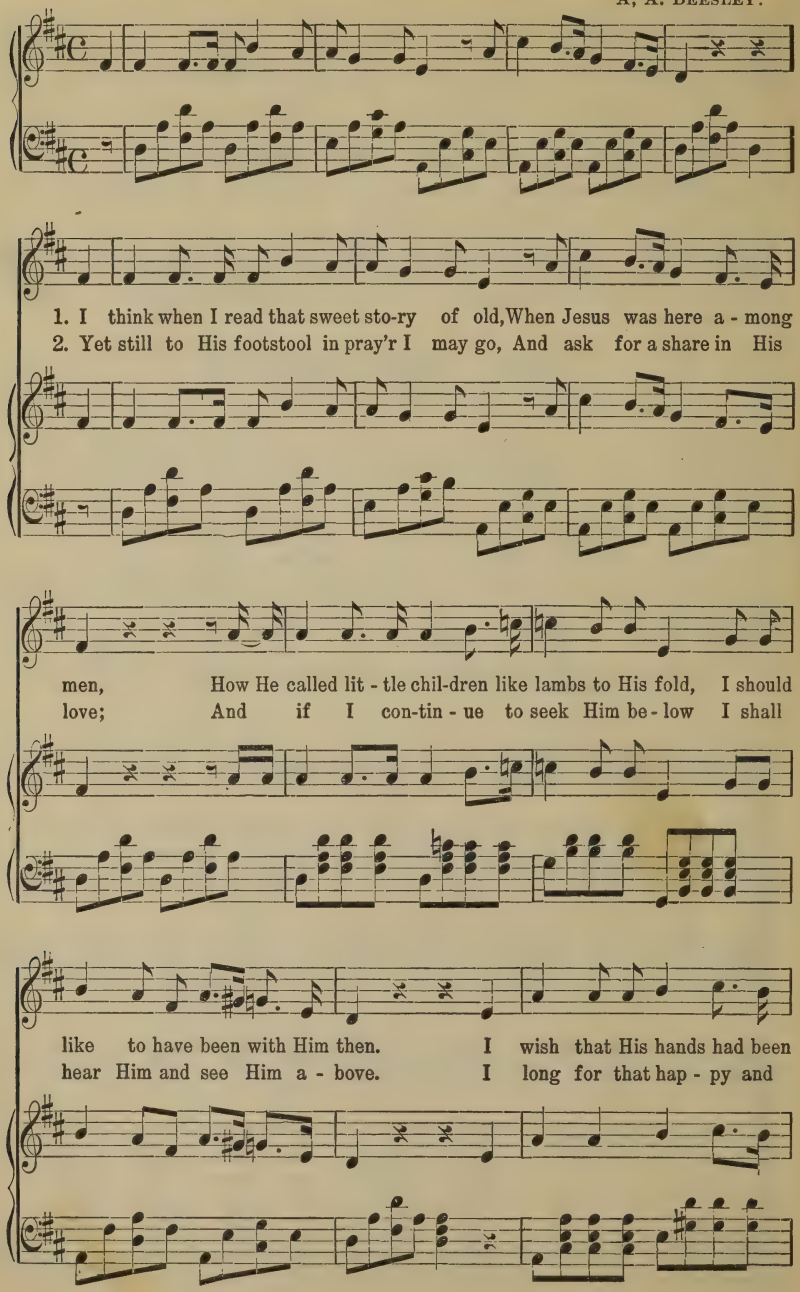
No, 10. Jesus, Tender Shepherd.

Andante. J. P. Olsen.

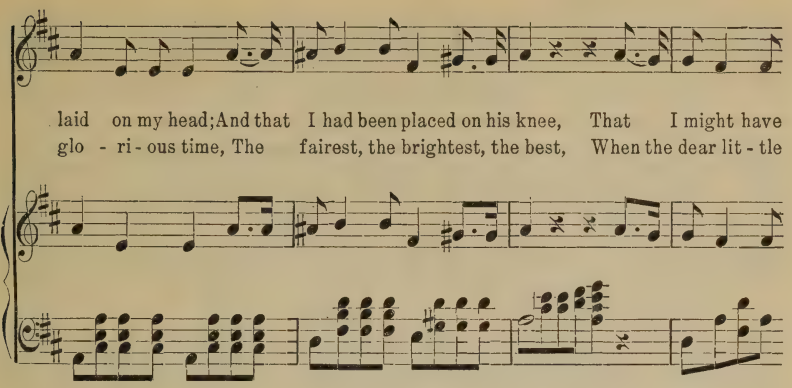


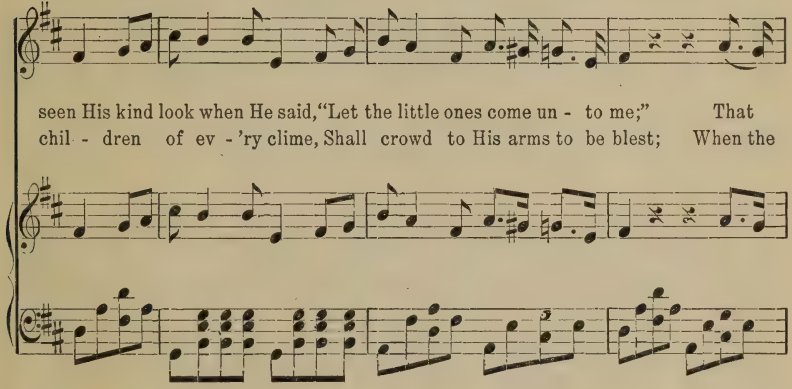
No. 11. I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old.

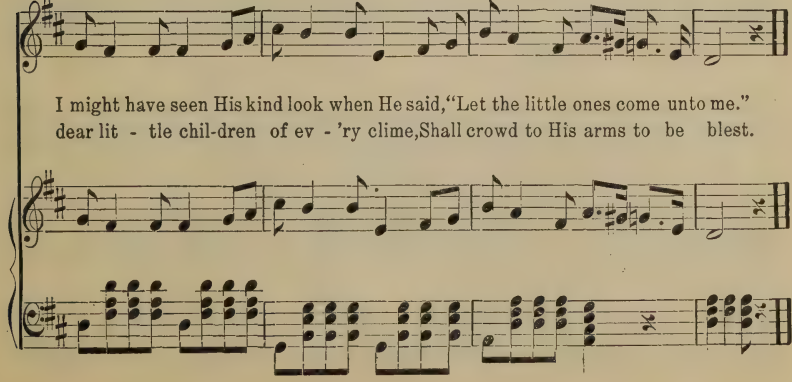
A. A. Beesley.



I Think When I Read That Sweet Story of Old.







No. 12. Jesus Bids Us Shine.

Semplice—not fast. A. C. Smyth.

Je-sus bids us shine With a clear, pure light, Like a lit - tle can - dle
Je-sus bids us shine, First of all for Him, Well He sees and knows it,

Burn-ing in the night, Like a lit - tle can - dle Burn-ing in the night;
If our light is dim, Well He sees and knows it, If our light is dim;

In this world is dark - ness, So we must shine, You in your small corner And
He looks down from heav-en To see us shine, You in your small corner And

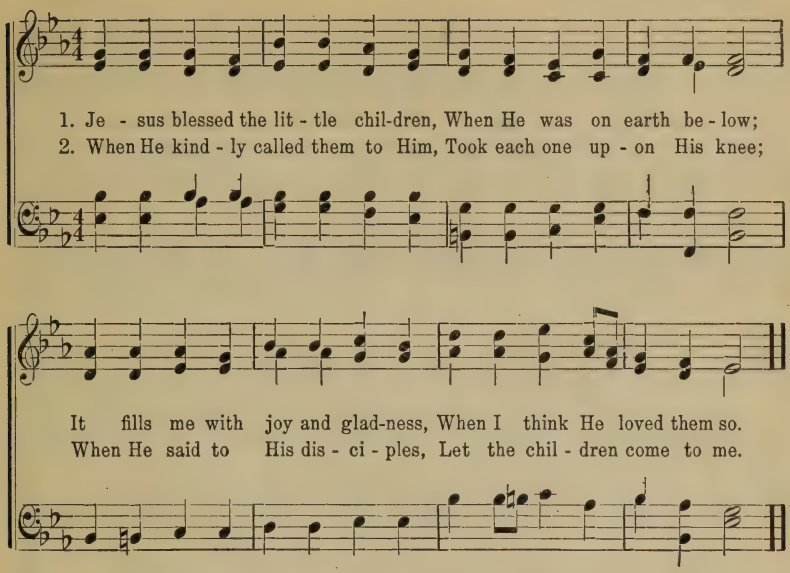
tempo.

I in mine, You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.

stac. *tempo. stac.*

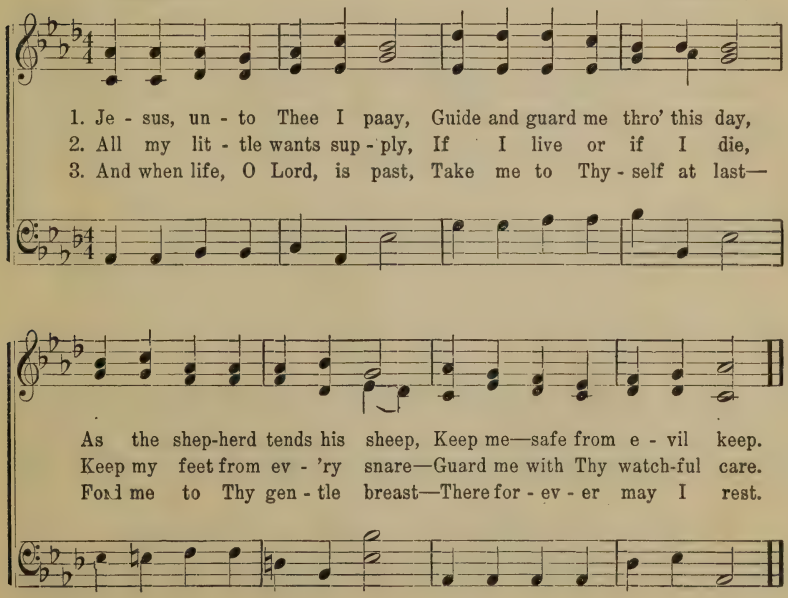
No. 13. Jesus Blessed the Children.

ALVIN A. REESLEY.



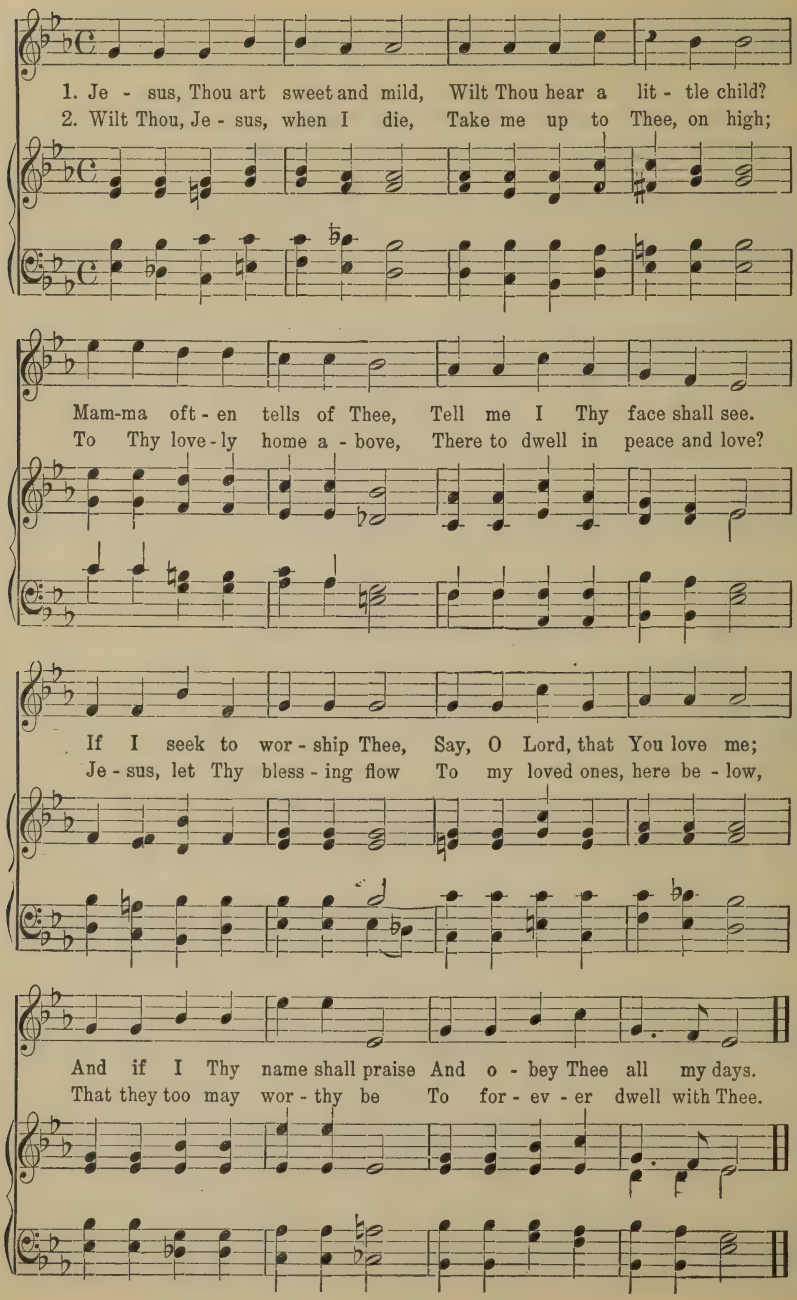
No. 14. Jesus, Unto Thee I Pray.

E. B. FERGUSON. A. A. BEESLEY.



No. 15. Jesus Thou Art Sweet and Mild.

JOHN NICHOLSON. JOS. J. DAYNES.



No. 16. Jesus Once Was a Little Child.

Moderato. JOS. BALLANTYNE.

1. Je-sus once was a lit - tle child, A lit - tle child like me, And
2. He played as lit - tle chil-dren play The pleasant games of youth; But He

He was pure and meek and mild As a lit - tle child should be.
never got vexed if the game went wrong And He always spoke the truth.

CHORUS.

So lit - tle chil - dren, Let's you and I,

Try to be like Him, Try, try, try.

No. 17. Let the Little Children Come.

EMILY HILL WOODMANSEE. J. J. DAYNES.

1. Fav - ored lit - tle ones were they— Who, to - wards him Je - sus drew!
2. Je - sus claims the chil - dren love; Je - sus loves them as of old!

rit. *a tempo.*

Who with-in His arms he took— Just as lov - ing par - ents do;
Je - sus calls from heav'n a - bove— "Feed my lambs" and guard the fold;

Christ the Lord "Our liv - ing head" This, of lit - tle chil-dren said—
When the lit - tle chil - dren pray— Je - sus, is not far a - way!

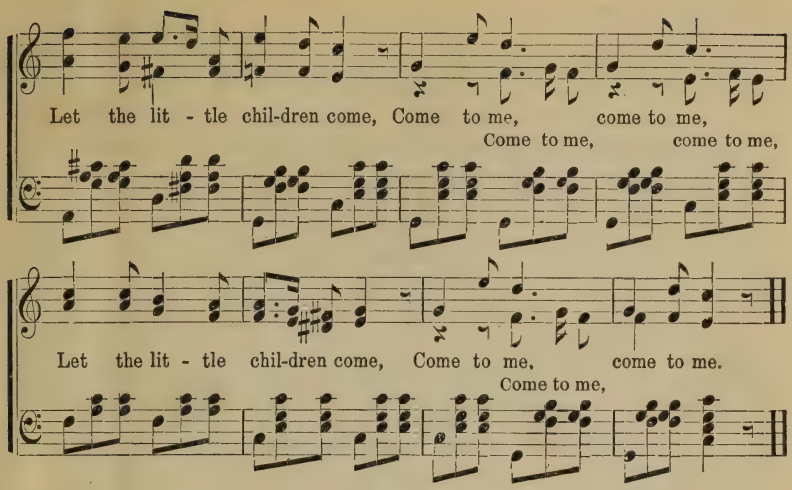
rit. *a tempo.*

"Such, shall of My king - dom be Suf - fer them to come to me."
Je - sus, wants the chil - dren near, List - en to His words so clear.

CHORUS.

List - en! to the Sav-ior's plea, Let the chil - dren come to me;

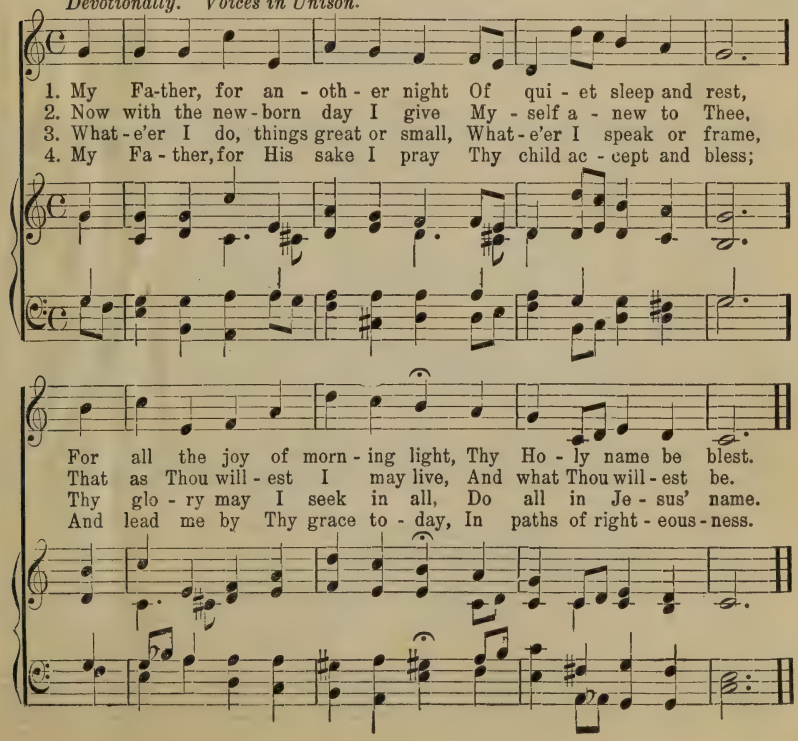
Let the Little Children Come.



No. 18. My Father, for Another Night,

Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, Bart. A. C. Smyth.

Devotionally. Voices in Unison.



No. 19. Little Knees Should Lowly Bend.

Words selected. A. C. SMYTH.

Andante mf.

1. Lit - tle knees should low - ly bend, Lit - tle knees should low - ly bend,
2. Lit - tle tongues should speak the truth, Little tongues should speak the truth,

mf *cres.* *f*

At the hour of prayer, At the your of prayer;
With - out fear or halt, With-out fear or halt;

mf *cres.* *f*

mf

Lit - tle tho'ts to heav'n as - cend, To our Fa - ther there,
Lit - tle lips shout ne'er be loth, To con-fess a fault,

cres. *f* *p dim.*

Lit - tle thot's to heav'n as-cend, To our Fa - ther there.
Lit - tle lips should ne'er be loth, To con - fess a fault.

cres. *f* *p dim.*

No. 20. Our Heavenly Father.

ELIZA R. SNOW. J. P. OLSEN.

Andante.

1. Our heav'n-ly Fa - ther, we will sing To Thee, a hymn of praise;
2. If, in the day that's past and gone, We did thy spir - it grieve,
3. And when we lay us down to rest, We pray thee, safe - ly keep,

Ac - cept our eve - ning of-f'ring; Hear thou our chil - dish lays.
We, in the name of Thy dear Son, Do pray Thou wilt for - give.
And thro' the night may we be blest With sweet re - fresh - ing sleep.

No. 21. O, Father Look Upon Us.

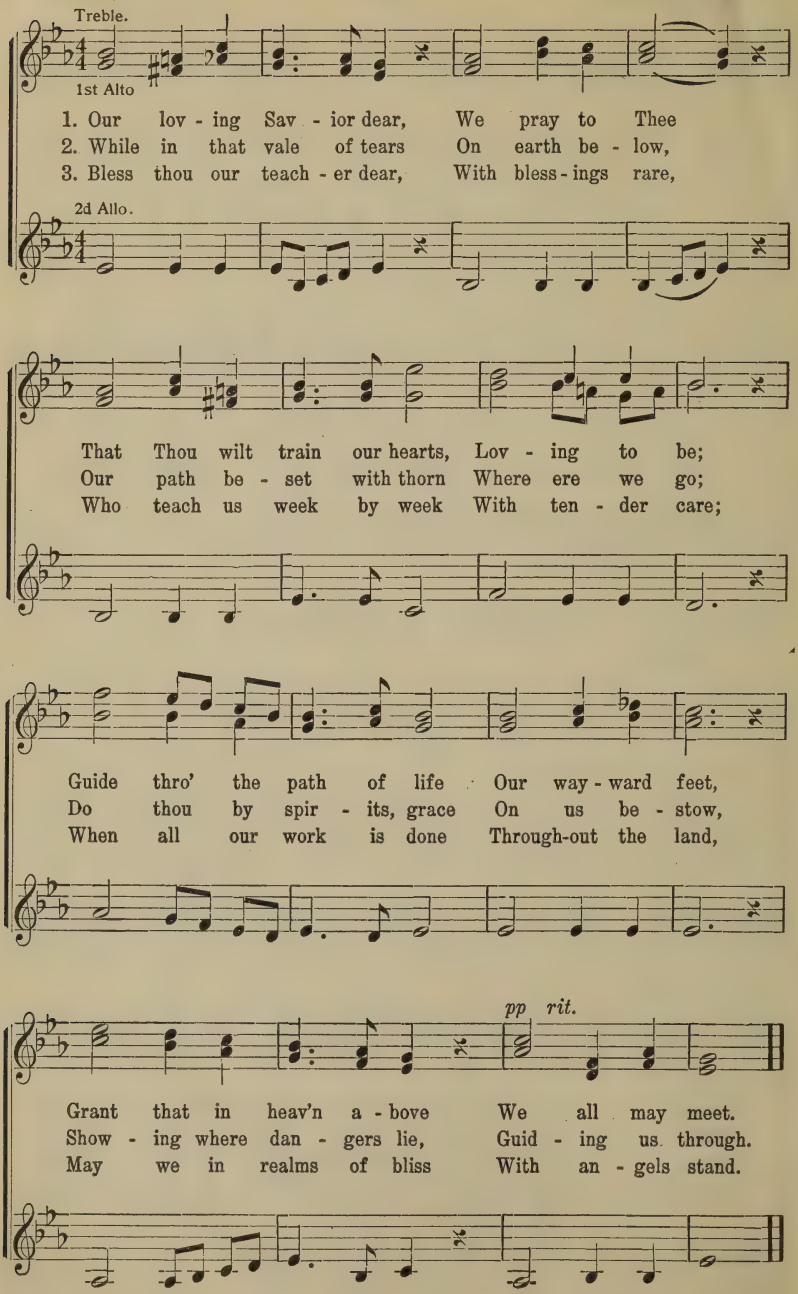
Moderato. J. P. OLSEN.

1. O, Fa - ther, look up - on us, Here at thy feet to day,
2. Tho' thou art in the heav'ns, Thou guard - est all be - low;
3. Teach us to use thy blessings, From stings of con - science free;
4. May we go on im - proving The time which thou hast giv'n;

And tho' our words are fee - ble, Thou know'st what we would say.
Teach us to learn and fol - low, All that we ought to know.
May we be gay and hap - py, With - out for - get - ting thee.
And may we not, O, Fa - ther, E'er lose the way to heav'n.

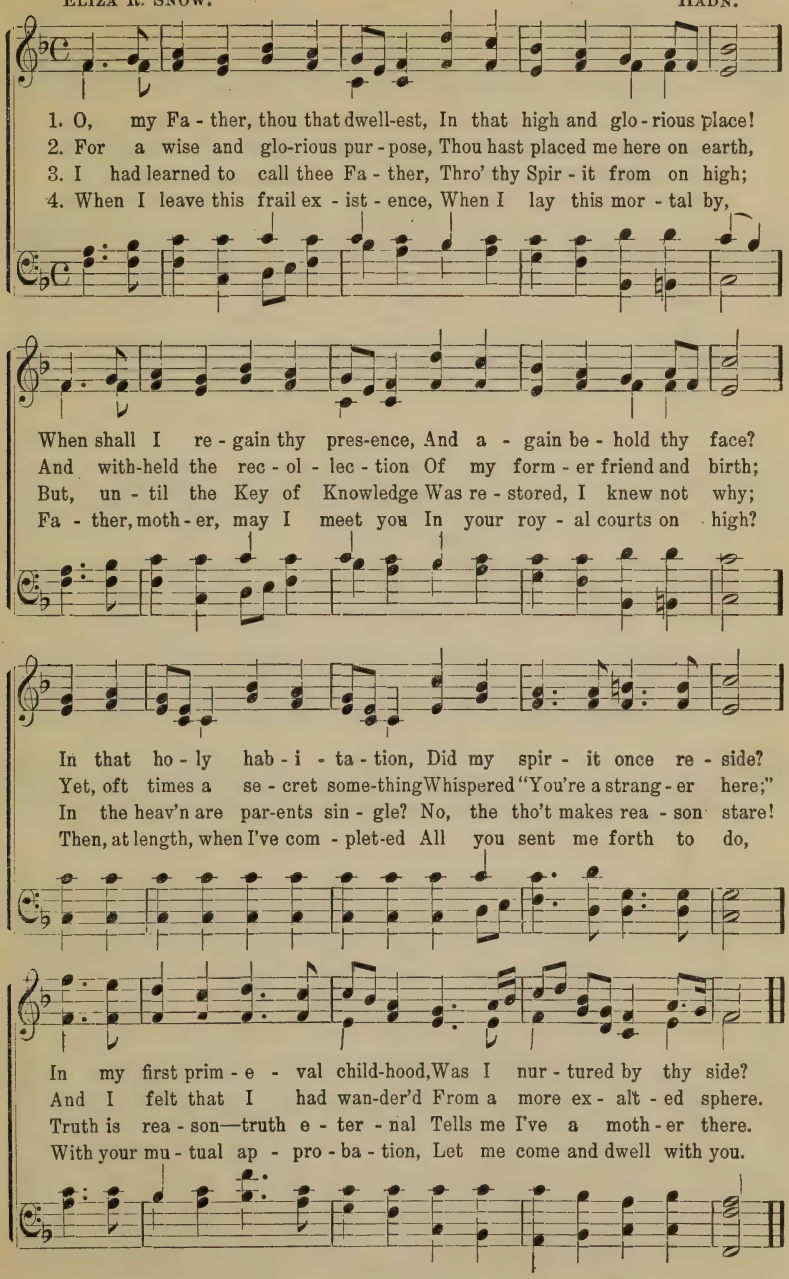
No. 22. Our Loving Savior Dear.

H. A. T. Trio. H. A. TUCKETT.



No. 23. O, My Father.

ELIZA R. SNOW. HADN.



No, 24. Loving Shepherd.*

JANE E. LEESON. From GOTTSCHALK. Arr. by A. C. SMYTH.

UNISON. *Moderato. Very tenderly.*

1. Lov - ing shep - herd of Thy sheep, Keep Thy
2. Lov - ing Sav - ior Thou didst give Thine own
3. I would praise Thee ev - 'ry day, Glad - ly
4. Lov - ing shep - herd, ev - er near, Teach Thy

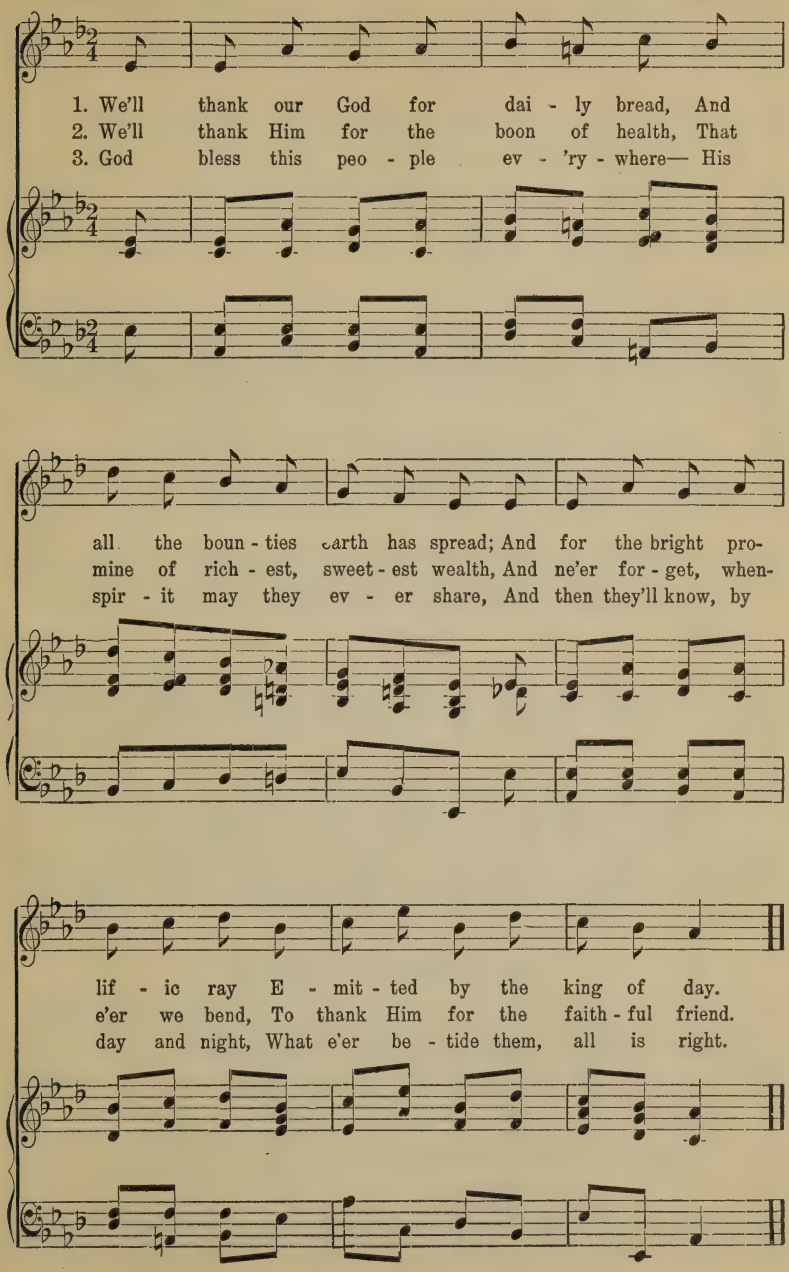
lambs in safe - ty, keep; Noth - ing can Thy pow'r with-
life that we might live, And the hands out-stretched to
all Thy will o - bey, Like Thy bless - ed ones a-
lamb's voice to hear; Suf - fer not our steps to

stand, None can take us from Thy hand.
bless, Bear the cru - el nails im - press.
bove, Hap - py in Thy pre - cious love.
stray From the straight and nar - row way.

*This beautiful melody is well adapted to children's voices and sympathies, as well as the words. It should be sung very smoothly.

No. 25. We'll Thank Our God.

HANNAH T. KING. ALVIN A. BEESLEY.



No. 26. Shine On.

JOS. BALLANTYNE.

1. My light is but a lit - tle one, My light of faith and pray'r; But
2. I may not hide my lit - tle light, The Lord has told me so; 'Tis
3. Oh, lit - tle light shine on, shine on, In this dark heart of mine; Un-

CHORUS.

lo! it glows like God's great sun, For it was light-ed there.
giv'n me to keep in sight That all may see it glow. Shine on,
til an - other soul be drawn To seek the light di - vine.

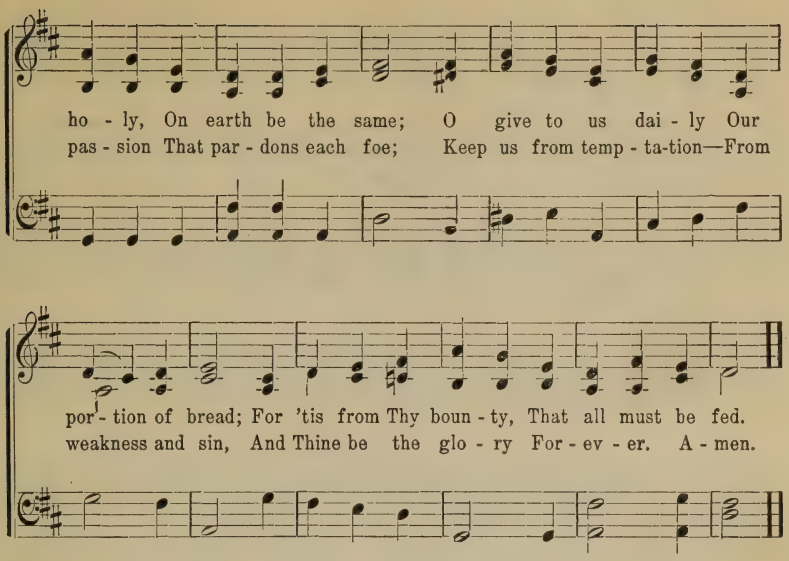
shine on, Shine on bright and clear; Shine on, shine on, the day is near.

No. 27. Our Father in Heaven.

ALVIN A. BEESLEY.

1. Our Fa - ther in heav - en, We hal - low Thy name: May Thy king-dom
2. For - give our trans-gressions, And teach us to know The hum-ble com-

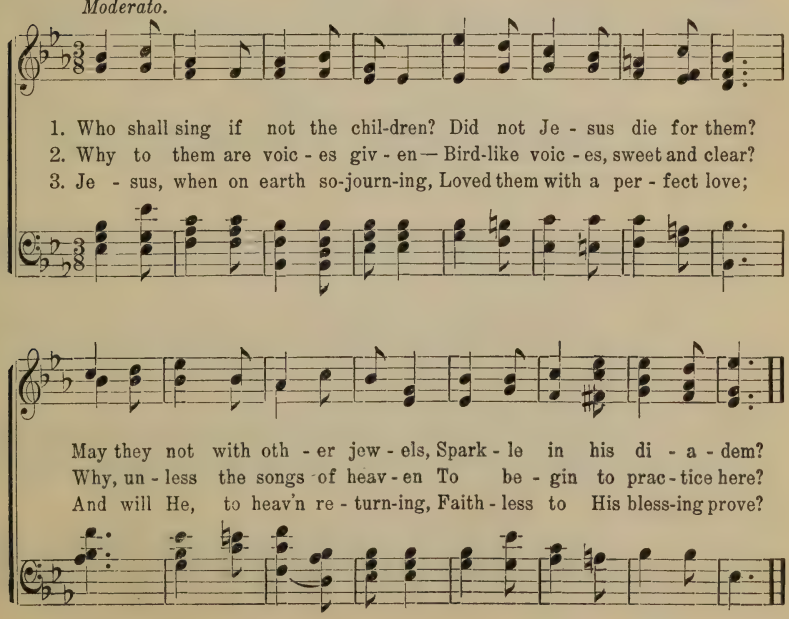
Our Father in Heaven.



No. 28. Who Shall Sing If Not the Children.

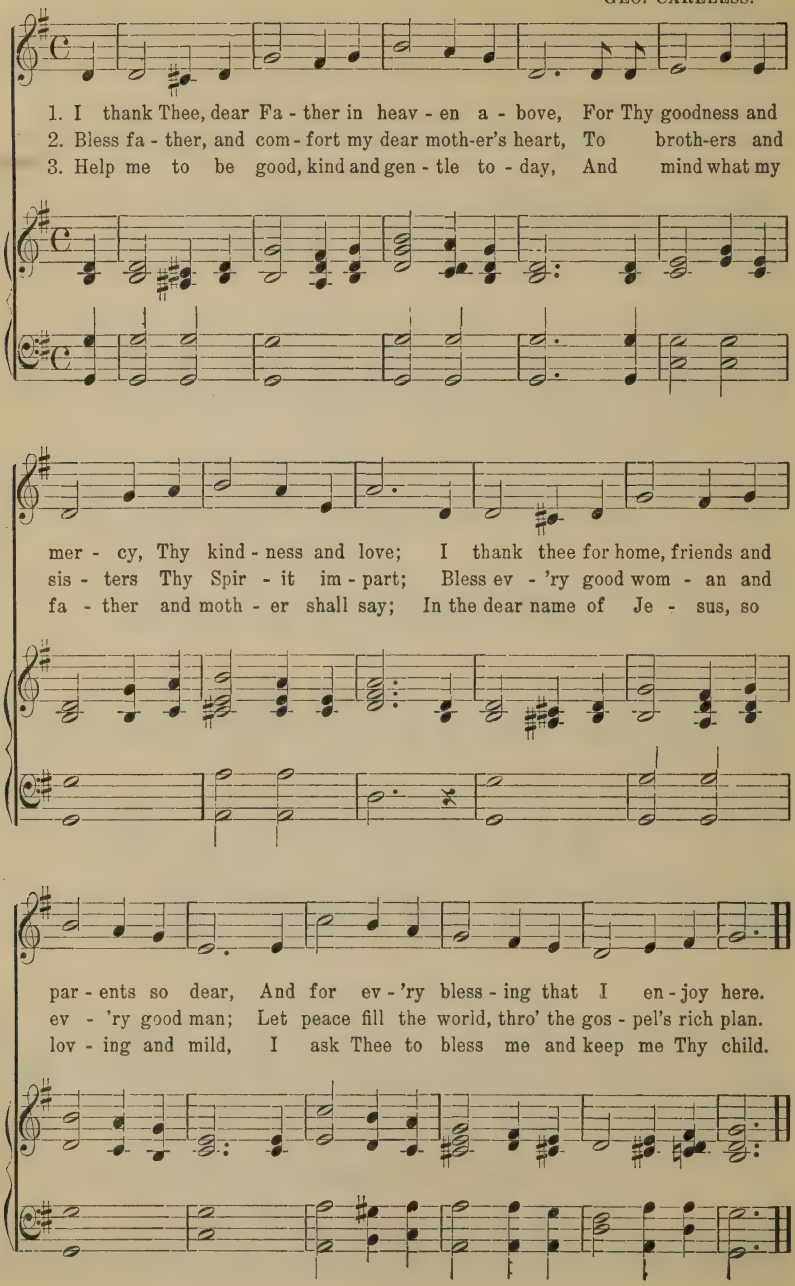
J. P. Olsen.

Moderato.



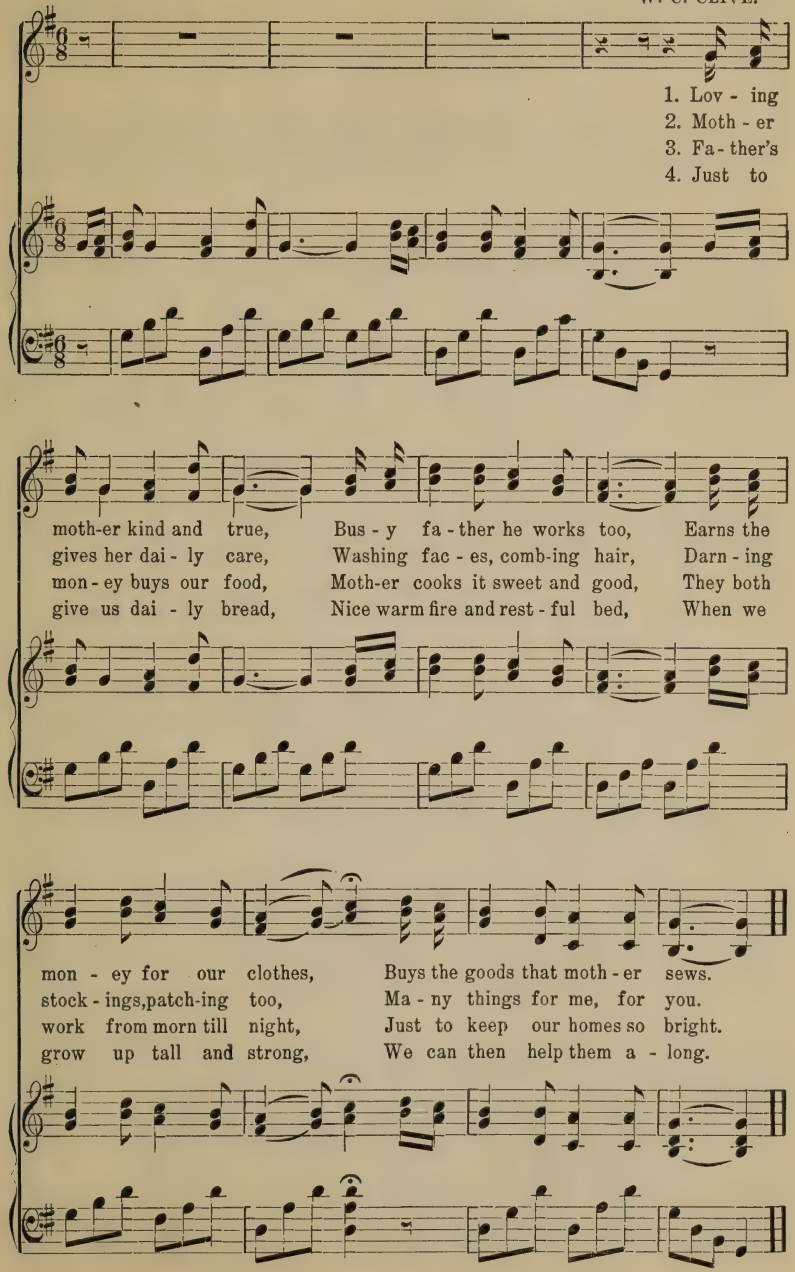
No. 29. I Thank Thee, Dear Father.

GEO. CARELESS.



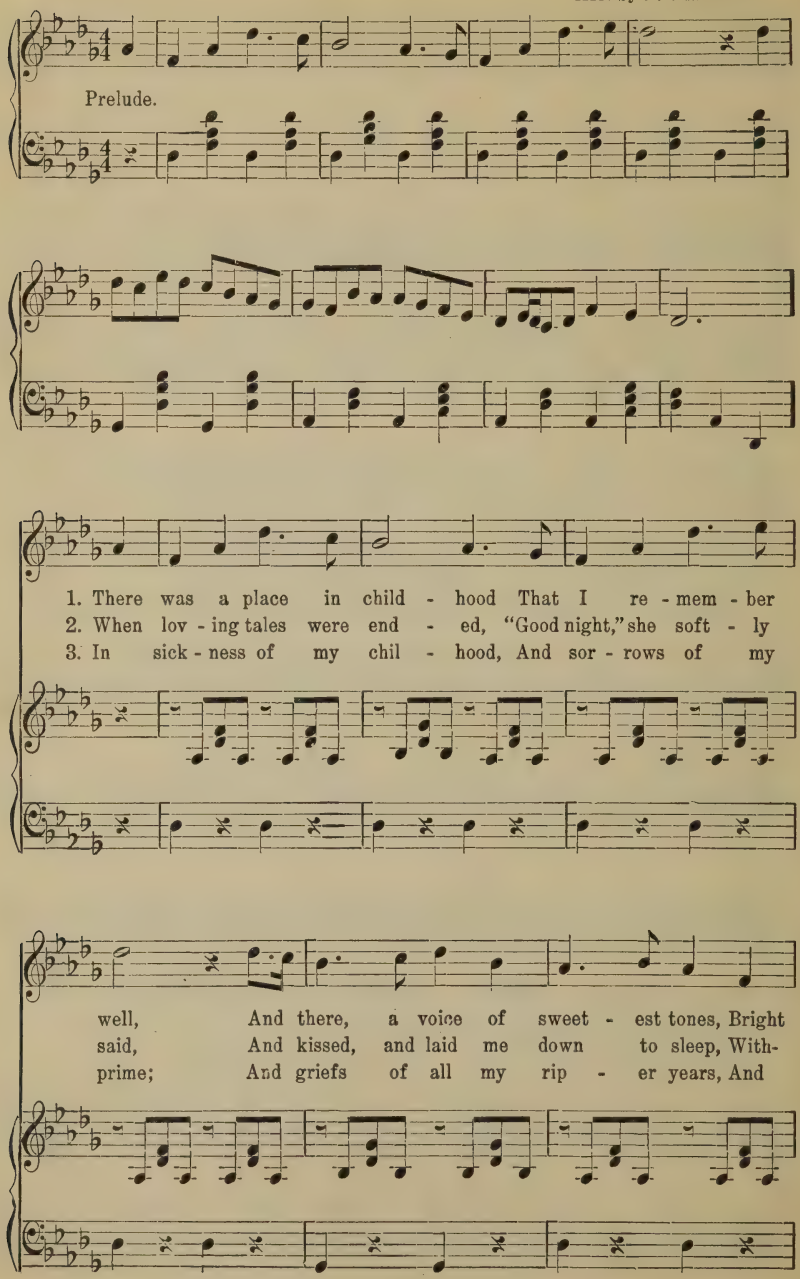
No. 30. Loving Mother Kind and True.

W. C. Clive.



No. 31. My Mother Dear.

Arr. by E. Beesley.



My Mother Dear.

lov - ing tales would tell; And gen - tle words and
in my ti - ny bed; And ho - ly words she
cares of ev - 'ry time— When doubt or dan - ger

fond em-brace Were giv'n with joy to me, When
taught me there—Me - thinks I yet can see, Her
weighed me down, Then, plead - ing all for me, It

I was in that hap - py place— Up - on my mother's knee.
an - gel eyes, as close I knelt Be - side my mother's knee.
was a fer - vent pray'r to heav'n, That bent my mother's knee.

CHORUS.

My moth-er dear! My moth-er dear! My gen - tle, gen-tle moth - er.

No. 32. Christmas Cradle Song.

Moderato. JOS. BALLANTYNE.

1. Oh, hush thee my ba - by a sto - ry I'll tell, How lit - tle Lord
2. The sto - ry was told by the an - gels so bright, As 'round them was
3. The shep-herds here found Him As ang - els had said, The poor lit - tle

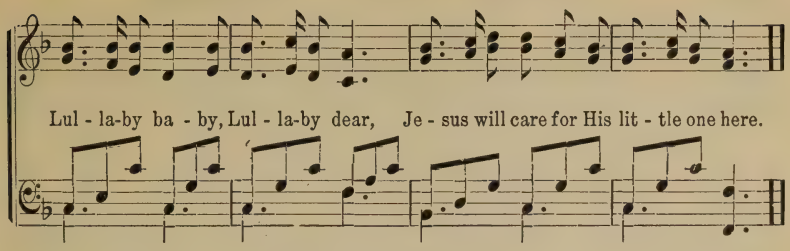
Je - sus on earth came to dwell; How in a far coun - try, way
shin - ing a heav - en - ly light; The stars shone out bright - ly but
stran - gers no crib for a bed; Down low in a man - ger so

o - ver the sea, Was born a wee ba - by My dear one like thee.
one led the way, And stood o'er the pal-ace Where the dear ba - by lay.
qui - et He lay, This lit - tle child Je - sus, a - sleep on the hay.

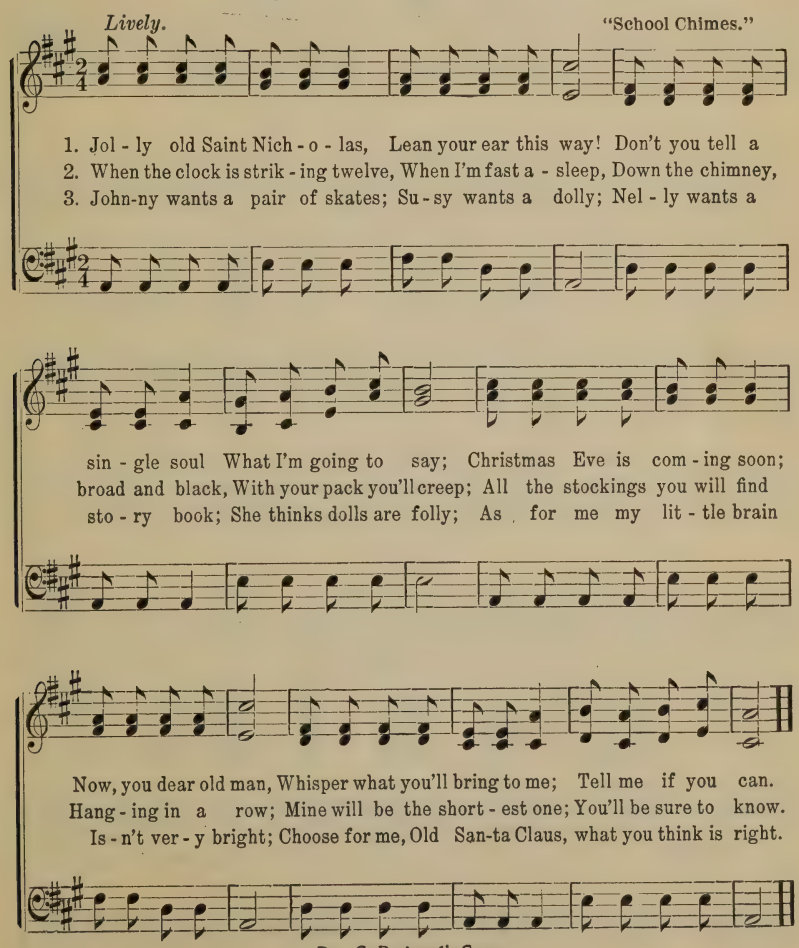
CHORUS.

Lul - la - by ba - by, lul-la - by dear, Sleep lit-tle ba - by have noth-ing to fear;

Christmas Cradle Song.



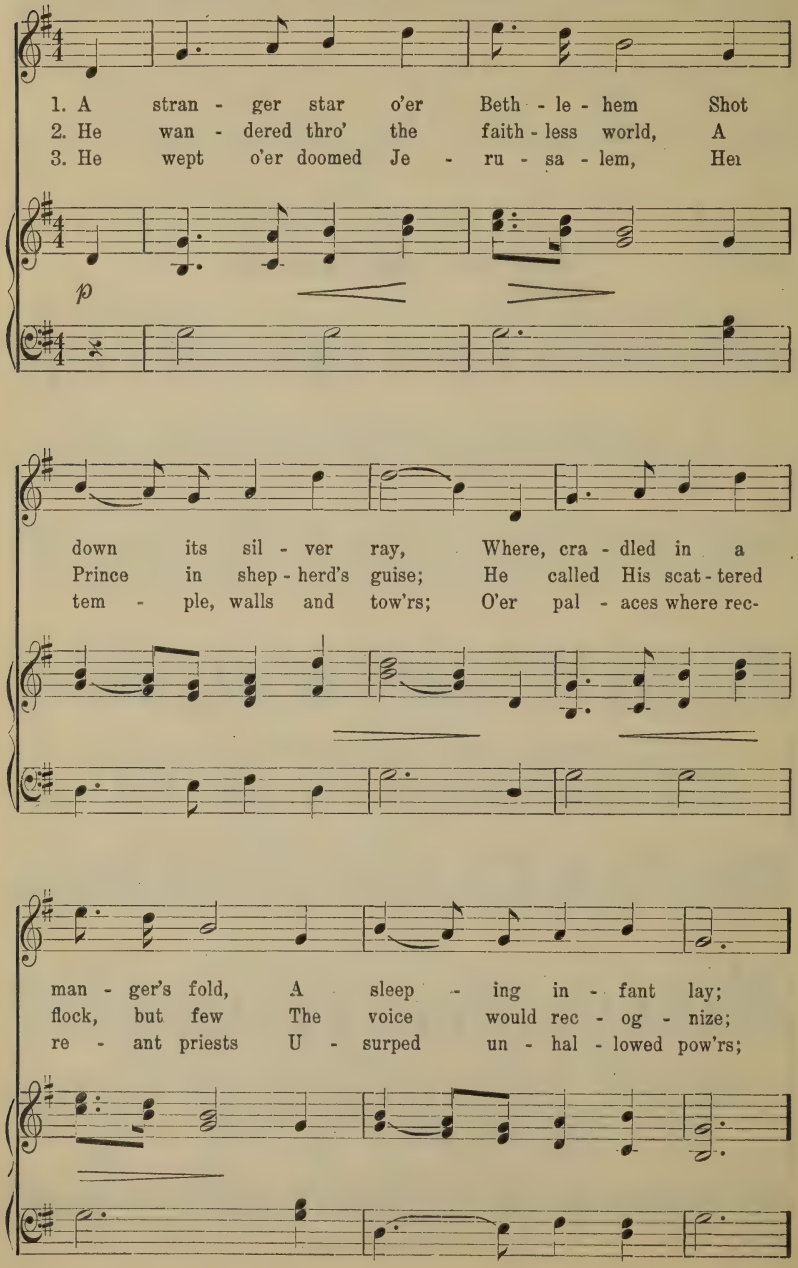
No. 33. Jolly Old Saint Nicholas.



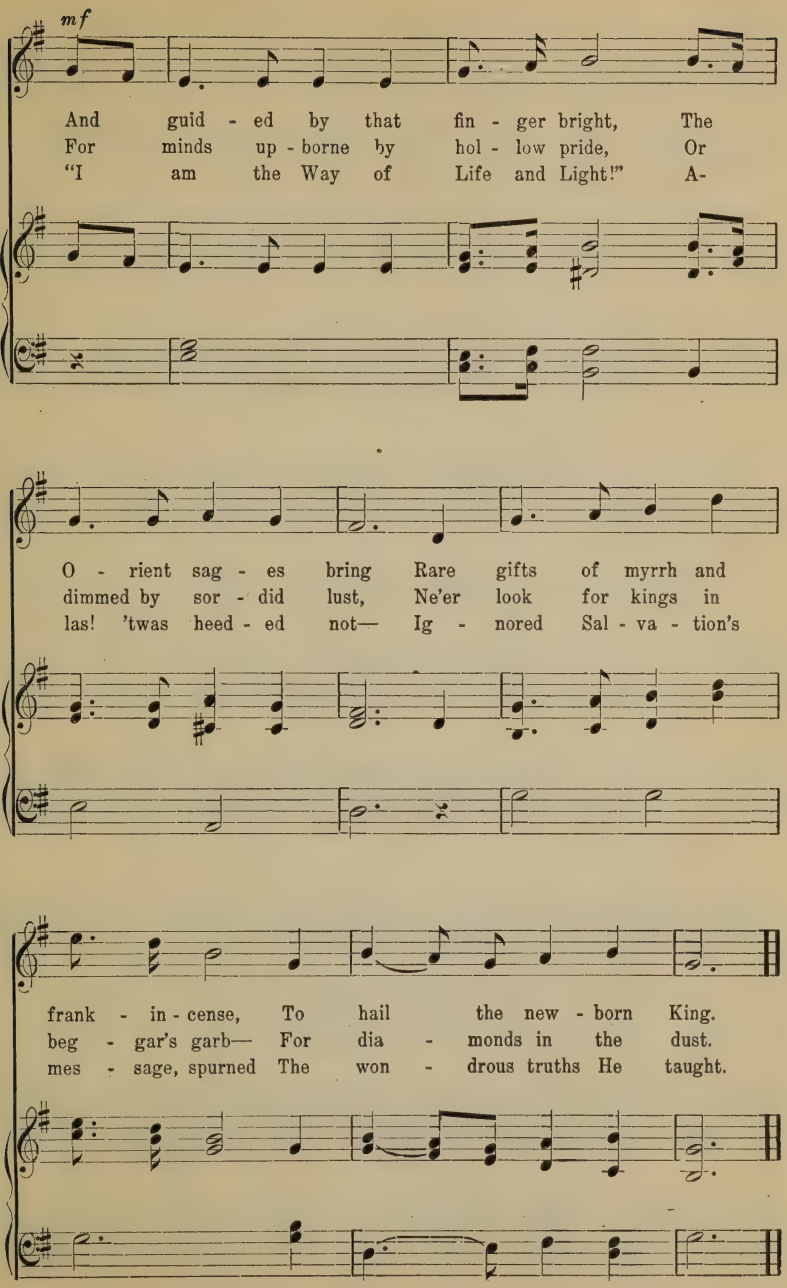
Per. S. Brainard's Sons.

No. 34. A Stranger Star O'er Bethlehem.

ORSON F. WHITNEY. (Song for Christmas.) EDWIN F. PARRY.

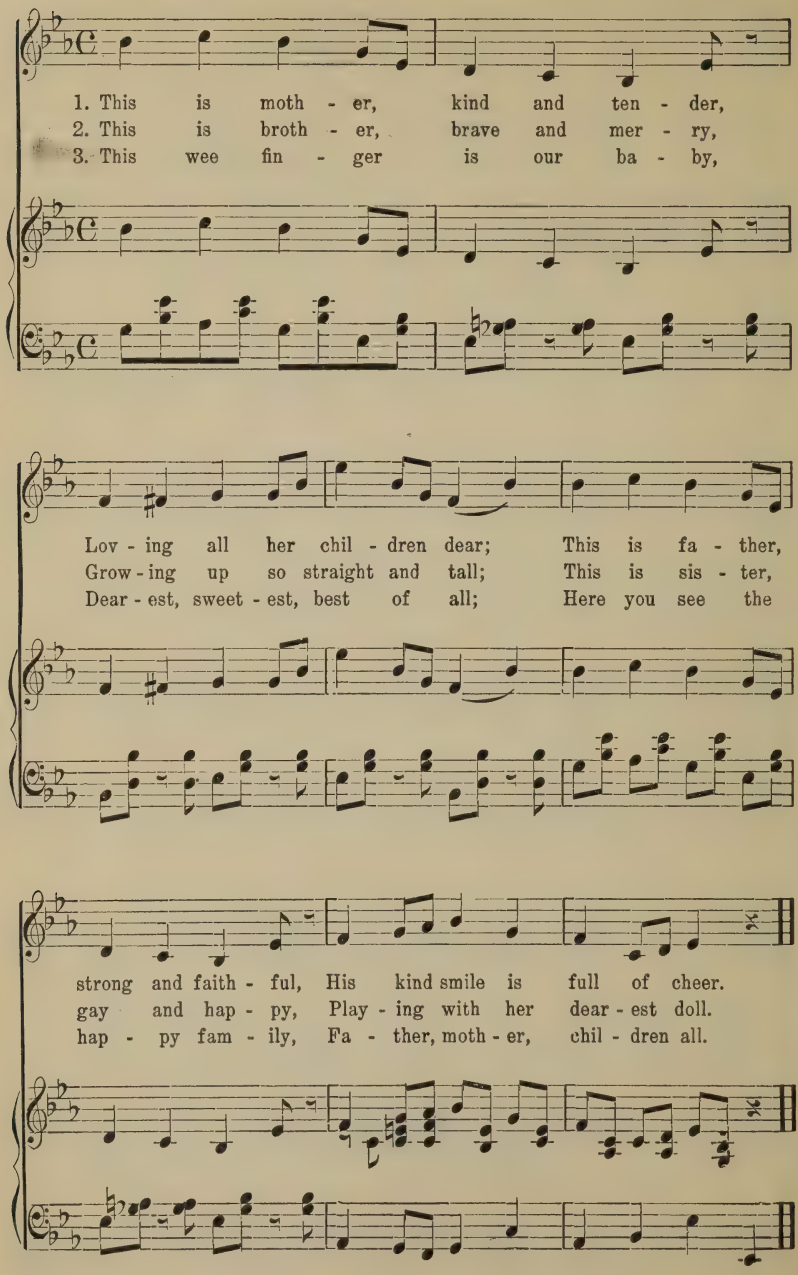


A Stranger Star O'er Bethlehem.



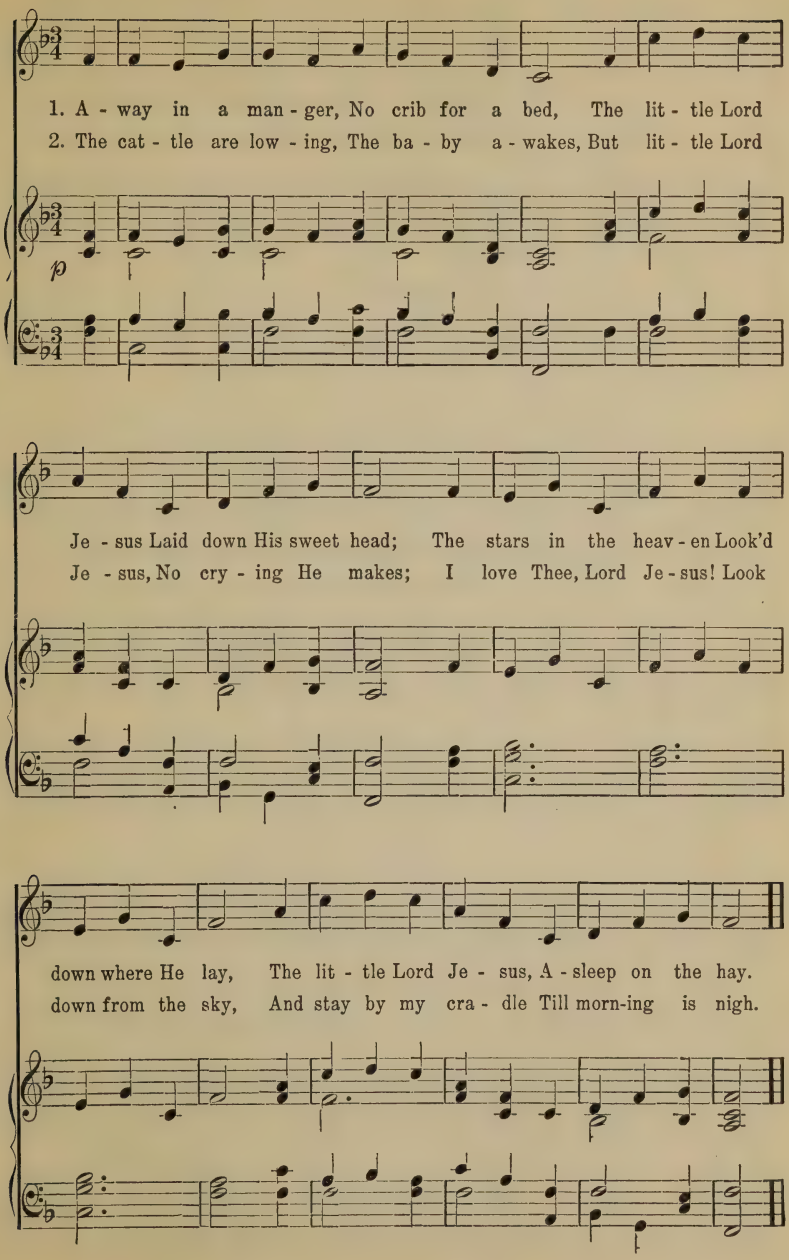
No, 35. This Is Mother, Kind and Tender,

Arr. by A. A. BEESLEY.



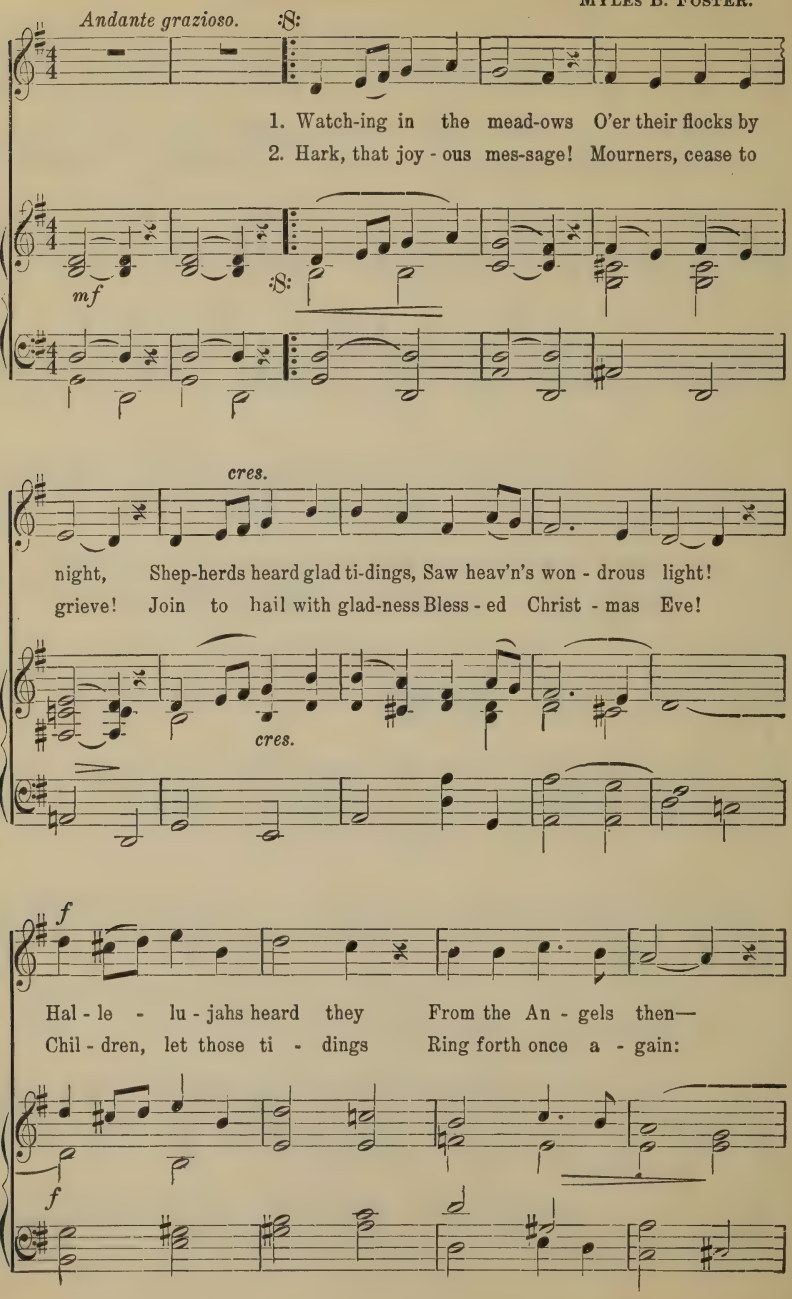
No. 36. Gradle Hymn.

(Written by Martin Luther for his children.)

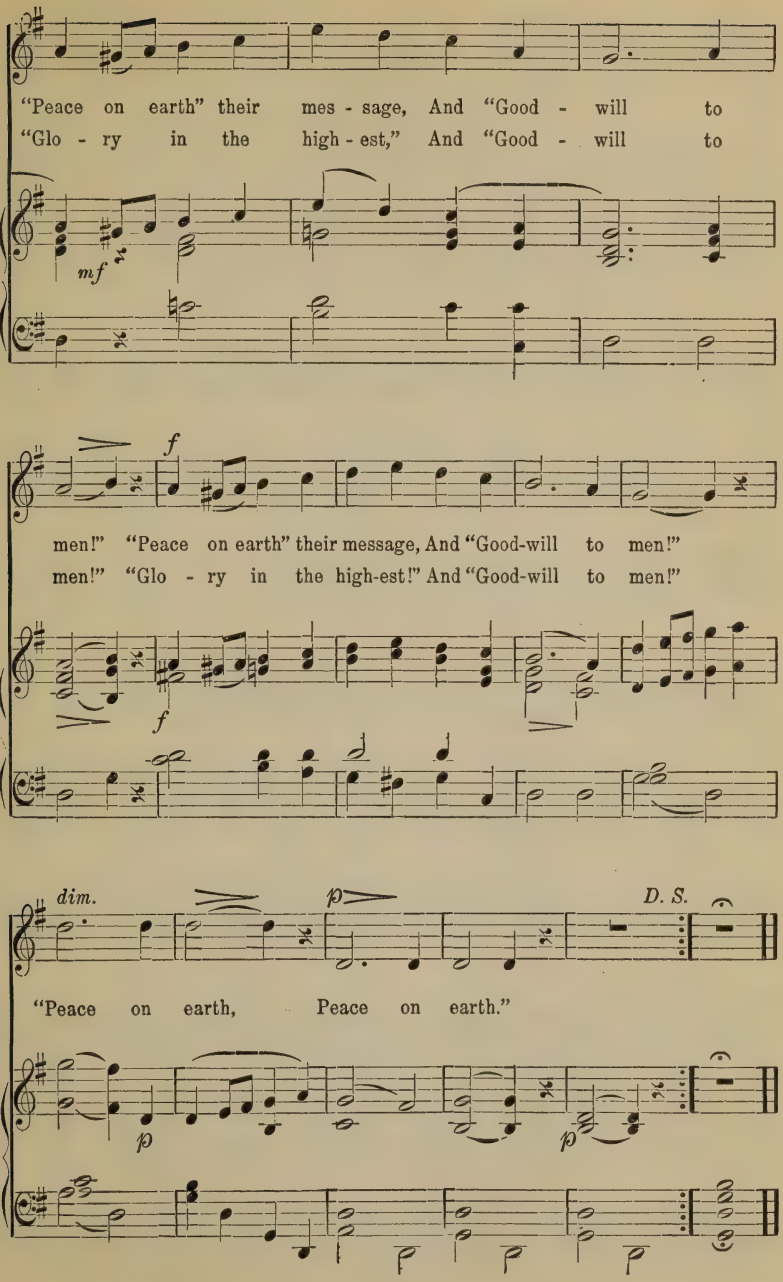


No. 37. Christmas Eve.

MYLES B. FOSTER.

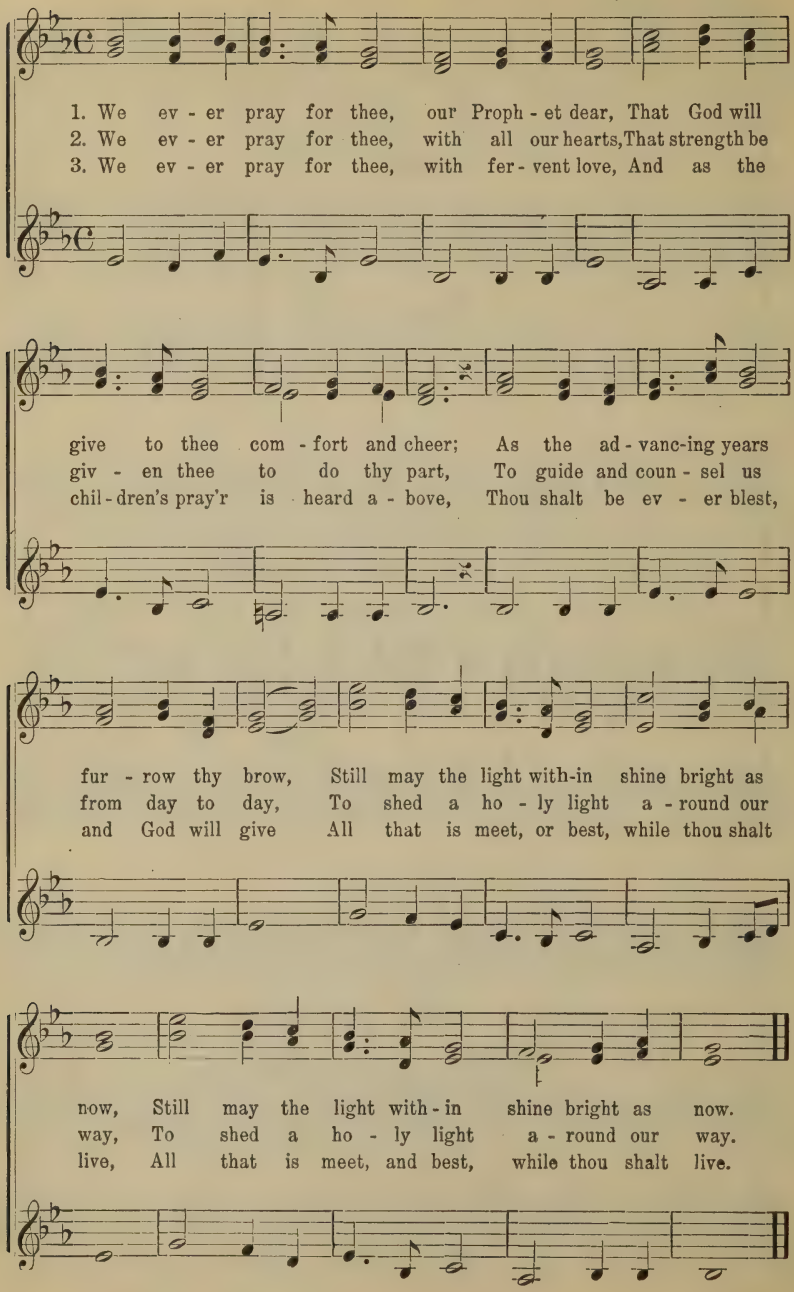


Christmas Eve,



No. 38. We Ever Pray for Thee.

Words and Music by E. STEPHENS.



No. 39. For Decoration Day.

Soulfully.

Music by J. J. McClellan.

Let lit - tle hands bring blossoms sweet To brave men ly - ing low; Let

lit - tle hearts to sol - diers brave Their love and hon - or show; We'll

mf

love the flag they lov'd so well, The dear old ban - ner bright; We'll

f *rit.*

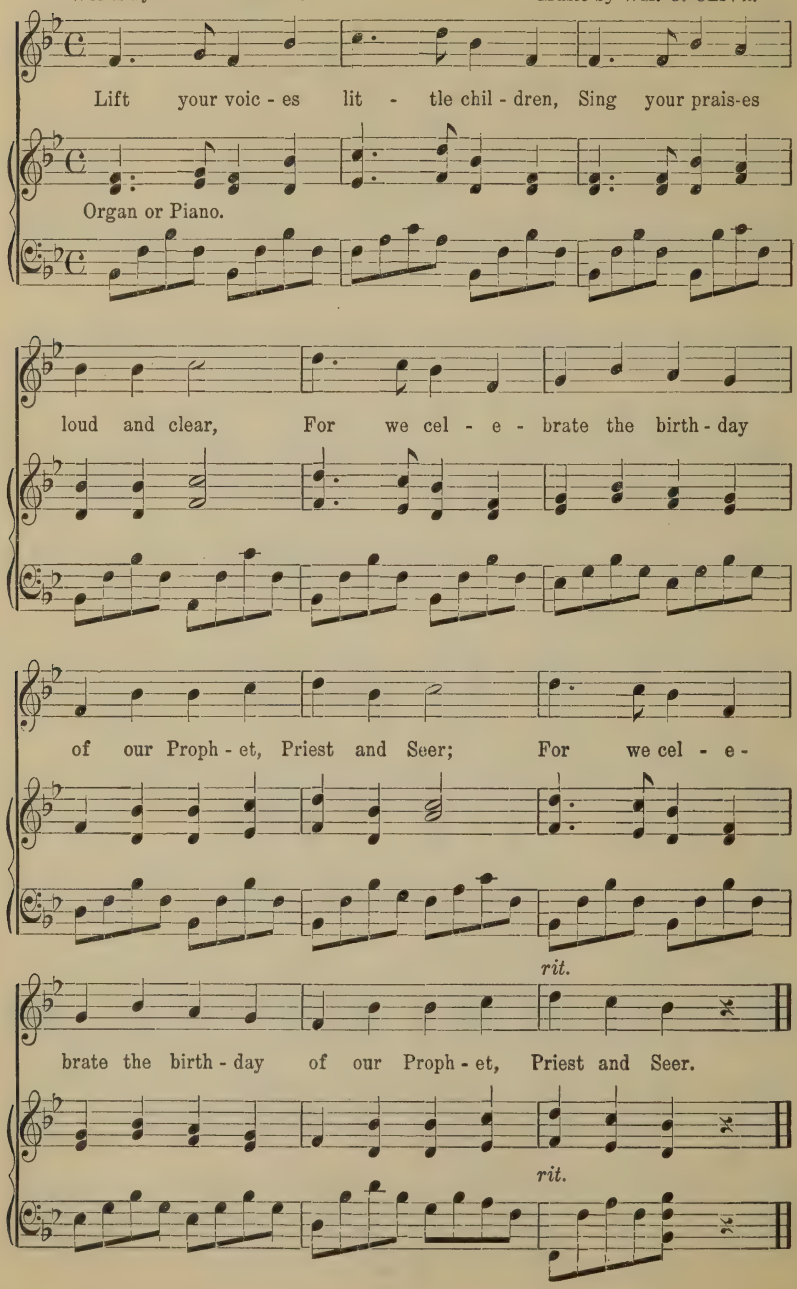
love the land for which they fell, With soul and strength and might.

f

No. 40. Who Was the Prophet?

Dialogue and Chorus.

Words by Mrs. M. Kelly. Music by Wm. C. Clive.



Who Was the Prophet?

Dialogue and Chorus.

Words by MARY F. KELLY. Music by W. C. CLIVE.

(Suitable for Prophet's Birthday celebrations.)

Recited by Boy:

Who was Joseph Smith, the Prophet?
Little sister, tell me, pray,
For they say it is his birthday
That we celebrate today!

Recited by Girl:

Yes, dear brother, I will tell you!
Joseph was a humble youth
But the noble soul within him
Burned with love of right and truth;
In reply to his petition
God our Father did unfold
All the fullness of the Gospel
As it was in days of old.

Chorus of Children: No. 40.

Lift your voices, little children,
Sing your praises loud and clear,
For we celebrate the birthday
Of our Prophet, Priest and Seer.

Recited by Boy:

How I wish I could have known him,
Heard him speak, and seen his face,
Felt his loving arms around me
In a tender, sweet embrace!

Recited by Girl:

Yes, dear brother, but remember
Tho' on earth he could not stay,
We can follow in his footsteps,
On the straight and narrow way,
Learn the lessons that he taught us,
Try to keep them all in mind,
Then in heaven with the faithful
Brother Joseph we shall find.

Chorus of Children: No. 40.

Lift your voices, etc.

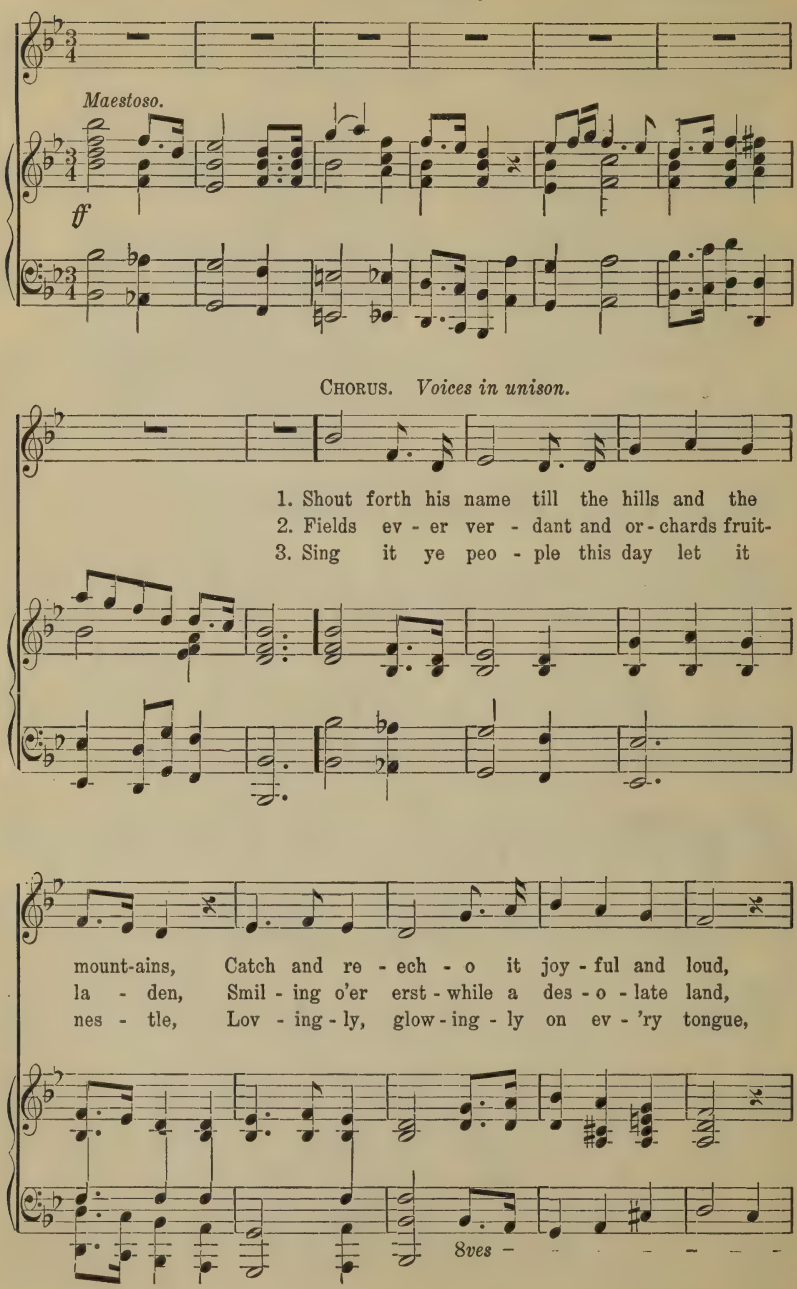
No. 41. The Little New Year.

Words selected. Music, ALVIN A BEESLEY.

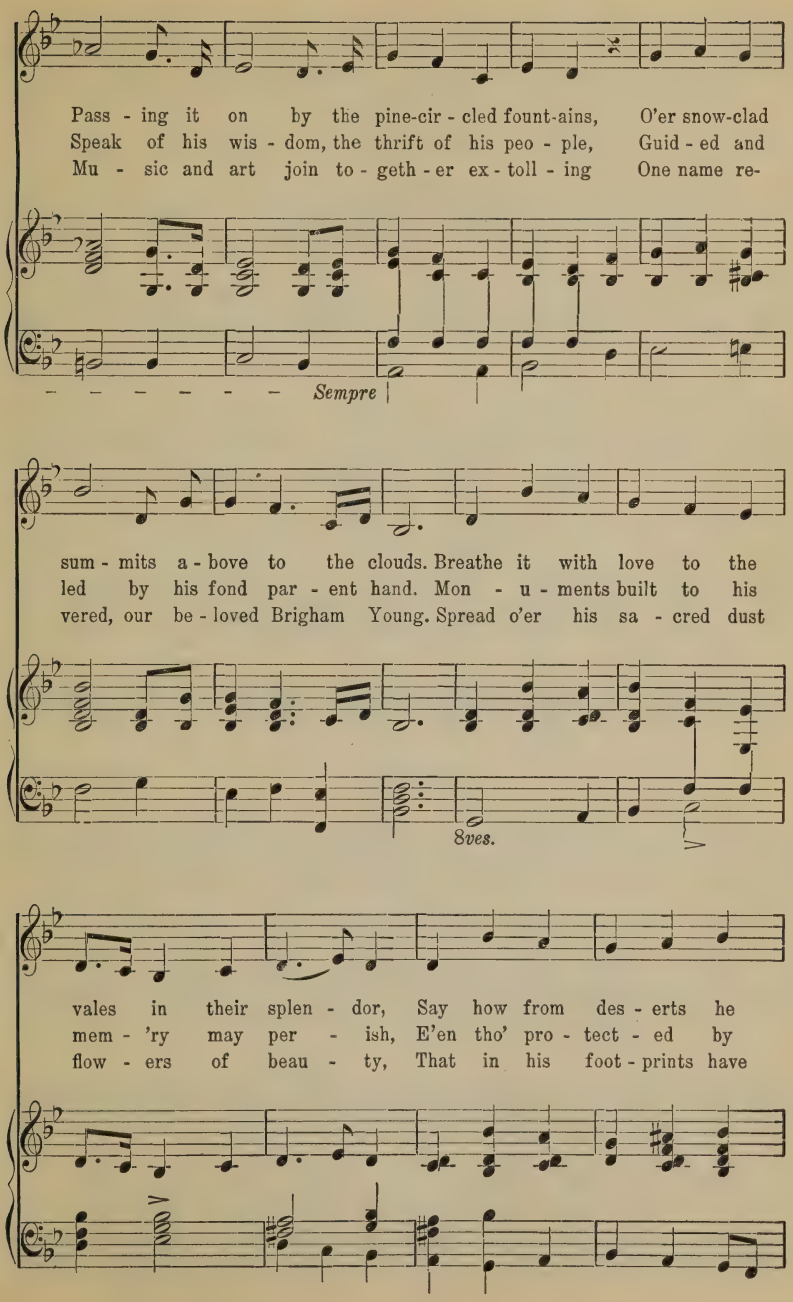
1. Oh, I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, oh! Here I come trip - ping it o - ver the snow, Shak - ing my bells with a mer - ry din, So o - pen your doors and let me in.
2. Bless-ings I bring for one and all, Big folks and lit - tle folks, short and tall, Each one from me a treas-ure may win, So o - pen your doors and let me in.
3. For I am the lit - tle New Year, oh, oh! Here I come trip - ping it o - ver the snow, Shak - ing my bells with a mer - ry din, So o - pen your doors and let me in.

No. 42. Brigham Young.

Ode to His Memory. E. Stephens.



Brigham Young.



Brigham Young.

made them ap - pear, Brig - ham, the found-er, the lead - er, the
love for his fame, But thro' all a - ges his race will still
bount-eous - ly sprung, Glo - ry to God for His son and His

8ves.

Proph - et, Praise to his mem - 'ry we hold ev - er dear.
cher - ish, A - mong their he - roes his ev - er great name.
ser - vant, Lead - er and Proph - et, our own Brigham Young.

loco.

REFRAIN.

Brig - ham, the found - er, the lead - er, the Proph - et,

Praise to his mem - 'ry we hold ev - er dear.

No. 43. Spring,

Scherzo. Words and Music by E. Stephens.

1. Spring is trip-ping o'er the meadows, Scatt'ring sun - shine ev - 'ry where,
2. Now the brook-let as it danc - es Down the hill so rough and steep,

Wak - ing up the grass and flow - ers With her pres-ence sweet and rare;
Sings the song as on it pass - es To the lake - let fast a - sleep;

Come, come, come, come, Love - ly spring so sweet and fair.
Come, come, come, come, Spring in sport a - bove thee leaps.

No. 44. Summer.

Lively. E. Stephen.

f *p*

Hark! hark! hark! A bird is singing there in the tree, What can it be that it
See! see! see! A rose-bud yonder nods to the sea, Lov-ing - ly blushes, then

ff

says to me, Loud and clear, now plain as can be, "Sum-mer, sum-mer is here!"
says to me, "Watch me open, now don't you see, Sum-mer, sum-mer is here!"

No. 45. Summer Time.

Waltz time. Music by Jos. Ballantyne.

1. Days of sum - mer glo - ry, Days I love to see,
2. Mead-ow, field and mount - ain Clothed in shin-ing green,

All your scenes so bril - liant, They are dear to me;
Lit - tle rip - pling fount - ains, Thro' the wil - lows seen;

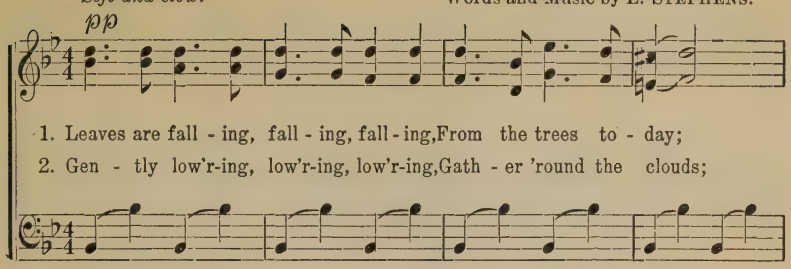
rit,

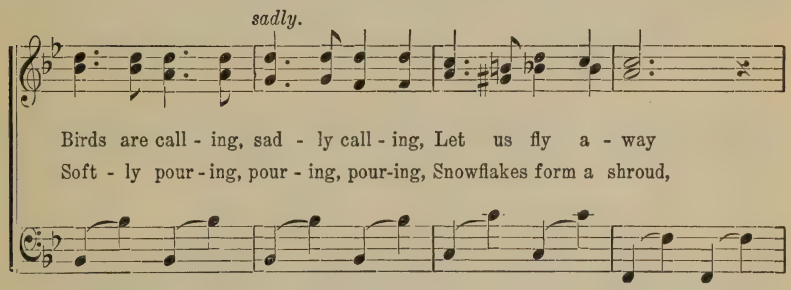
Let your tho'ts be ev - er Pure as yon - der sun,
Birds that sweet - ly war - ble, All the sum - mer days,

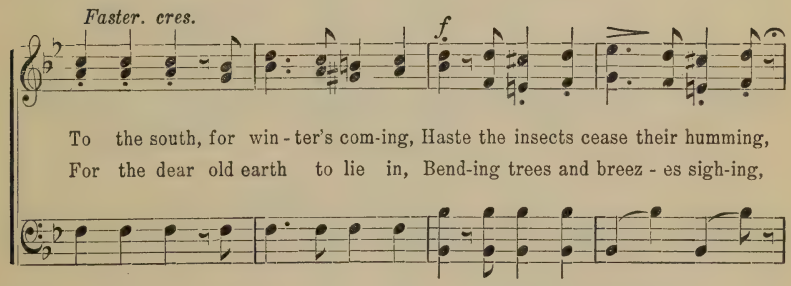
Gen - tle as the breez - es When the night comes on.
All things speak in mu - sic Their Cre - a - tor's praise.

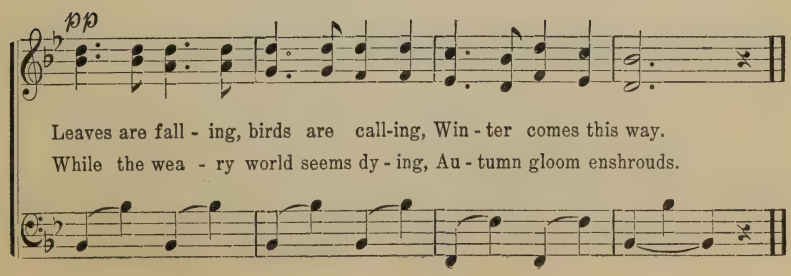
No. 46. Autumn.

Soft and slow. Words and Music by E. STEPHENS.









No. 47. Winter.

SOLO OR 1ST TREBLES. E. STEPHENS.

1. The Win - - ter
2. Oh, bright and

CHORUS.

p

Jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling,

King holds rev - el - ry to - night, And
hap - py is the new - - born year, And

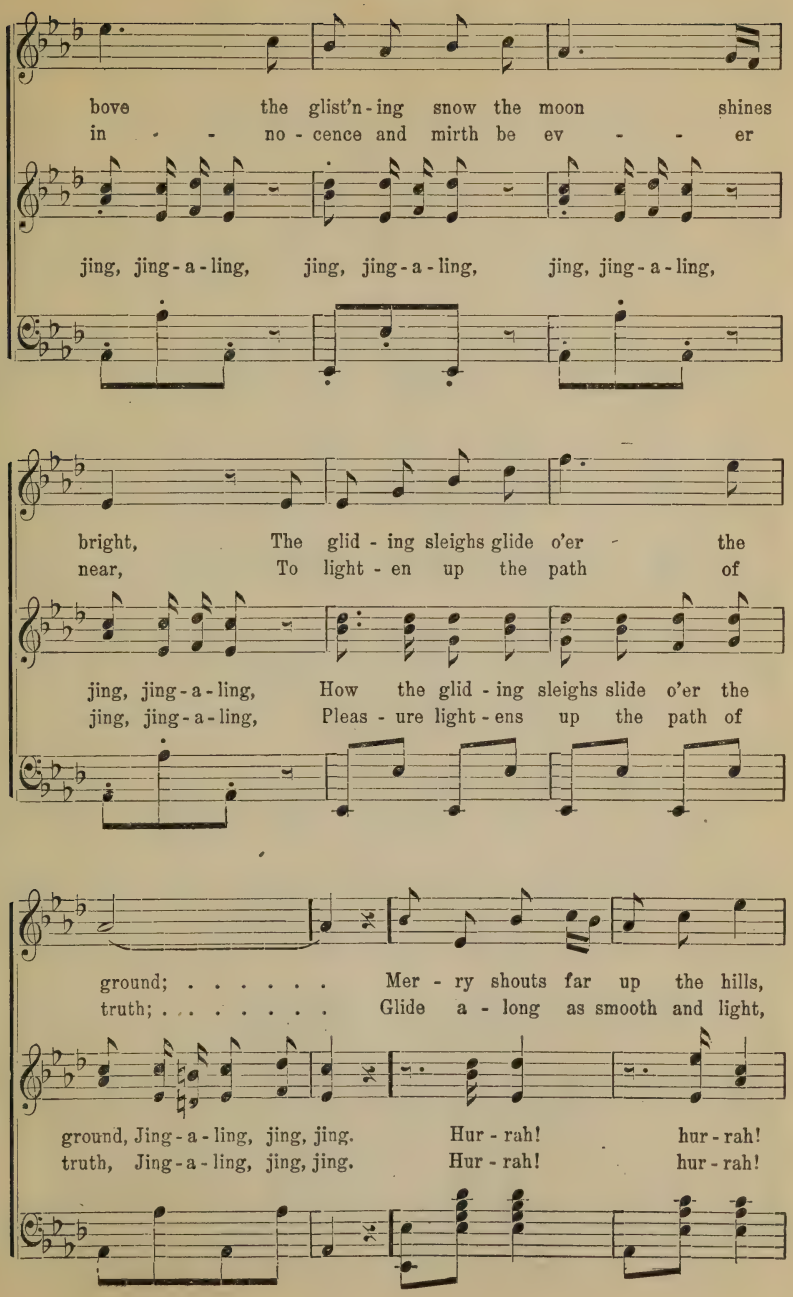
jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling;

far and near the bells re - sound; . . . . . A-
bright and happy time is youth; . . . . . Let

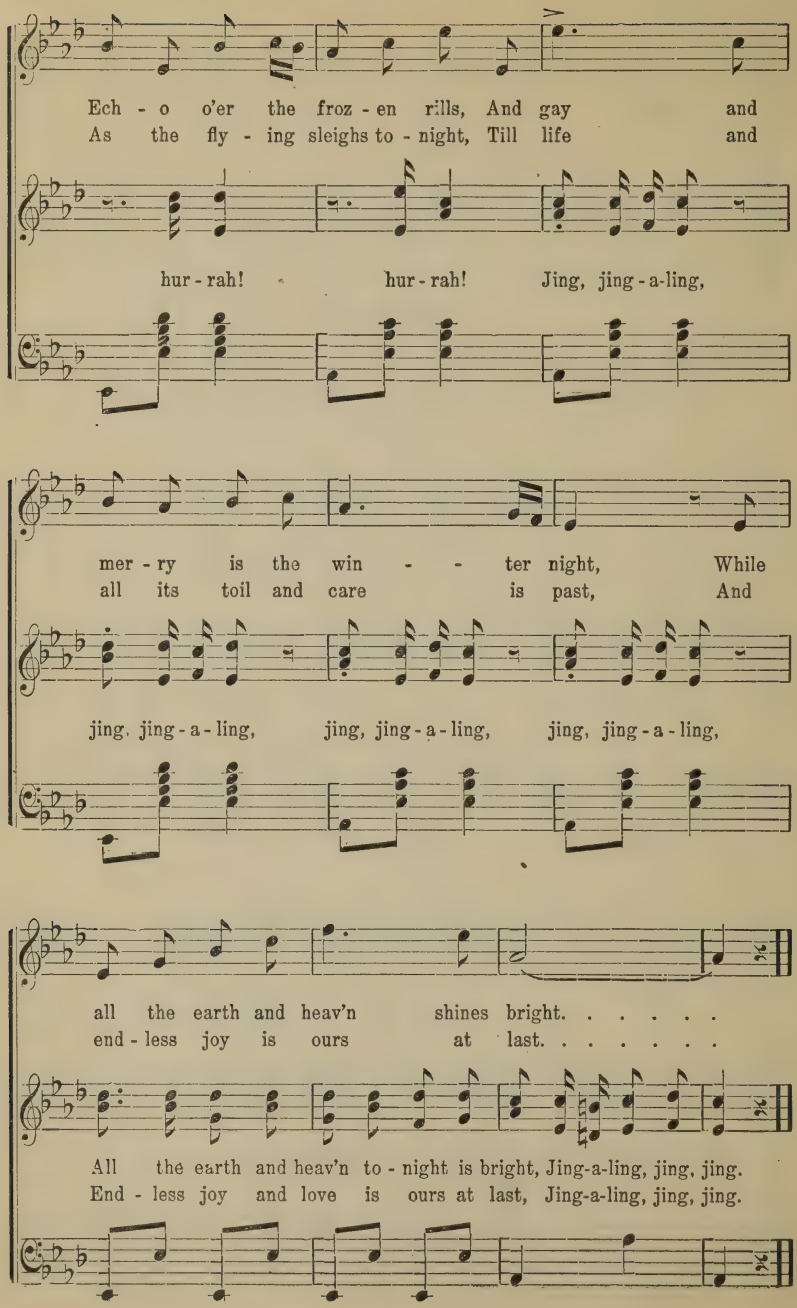
f

Far and near the mer - ry bells resound; Jing-a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling,
Bright and hap-py, hap - py time is youth; Jing-a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling,

Winter.


bove the glist'n-ing snow the moon shines
in - no - cence and mirth be ev - - er
jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling, jing, jing-a-ling,
bright, The glid - ing sleighs glide o'er the
near, To light - en up the path of
jing, jing-a-ling, How the glid - ing sleighs slide o'er the
jing, jing-a-ling, Pleas - ure light - ens up the path of
ground; . . . . . Mer - ry shouts far up the hills,
truth; . . . . . Glide a - long as smooth and light,
ground, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing. Hur - rah! hur - rah!
truth, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing. Hur - rah! hur - rah!

Winter.


Ech - o o'er the froz - en rills, And gay and
As the fly - ing sleighs to - night, Till life and
hur - rah! hur - rah! Jing, jing - a-ling,
mer - ry is the win - - ter night, While
all its toil and care is past, And
jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling, jing, jing - a - ling,
all the earth and heav'n shines bright. . . . . .
end - less joy is ours at last. . . . . .
All the earth and heav'n to - night is bright, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing.
End - less joy and love is ours at last, Jing-a-ling, jing, jing.

No. 48. Hidden Treasures.

J. P. Olsen.

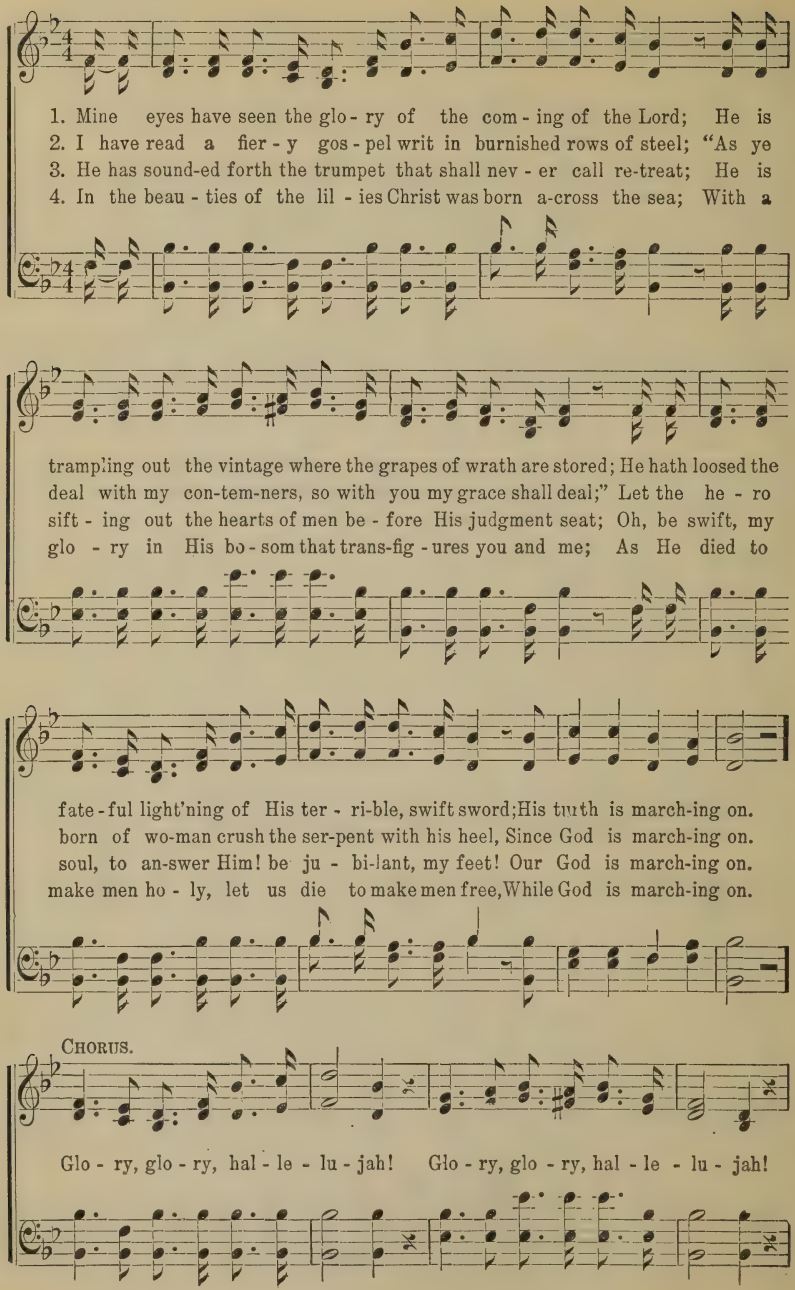
1. Lit - tle peo - ple, do you know What is un - der - neath the snow? Flow - ers pink and blue and white, Big red ros - es, all a - glow, In their dark roots fold - ed tight, Till the mer - ry south winds blow.

2. Do you know what se - crets deep, All the woods of win - ter keep? Ah! the dar - ling lit - tle things, Down be - low the snow - banks heap! Fern leaves curled in ti - ny rings, Vio - let ba - bies fast a - sleep.

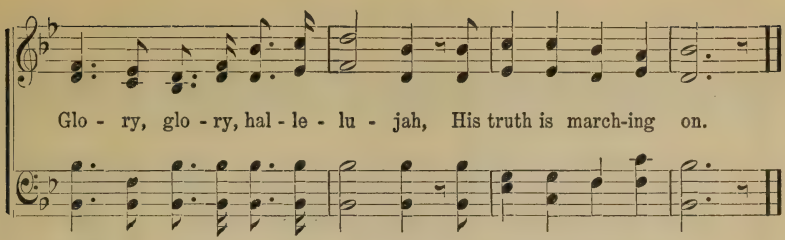
3. Lit - tle folks, now do you know, Feb - ru- a - ry soon will go? Then will come the sun - ny spring, When the snows will melt, and oh! How the mea - dow - brooks will sing, And the daf - fo - dil - lies blow.

No. 49. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

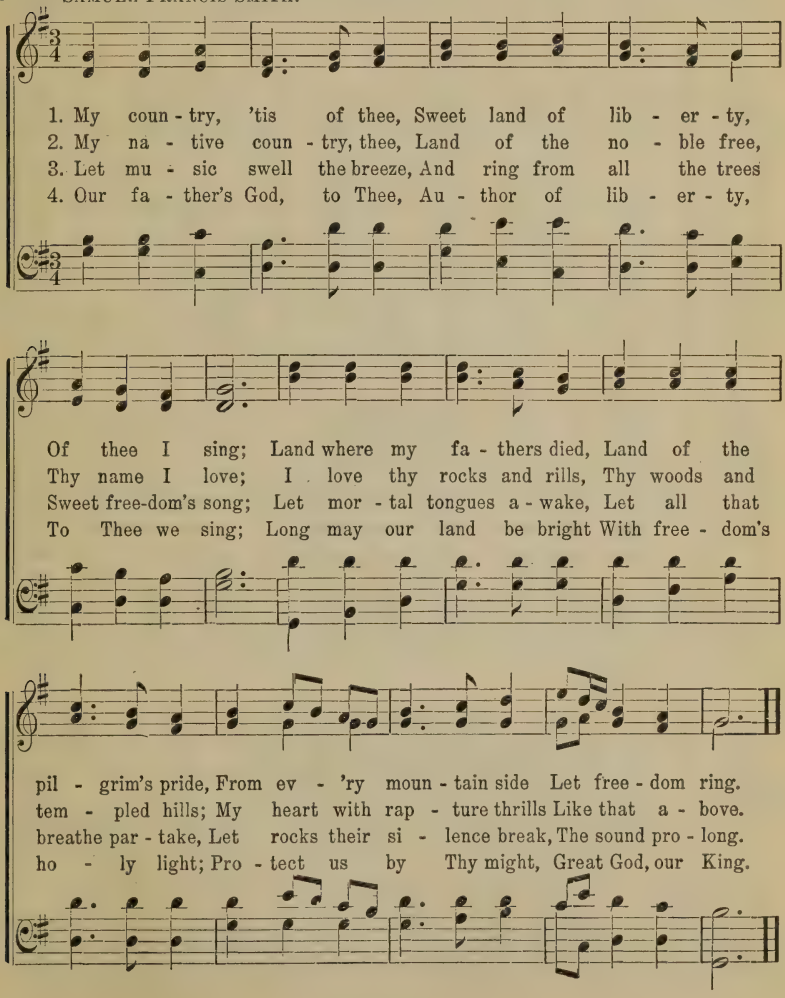


Battle Hymn of the Republic.



No. 50. America.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.



No. 51. Hail Columbia.

F. Hopkinson, 1798.

With energy.

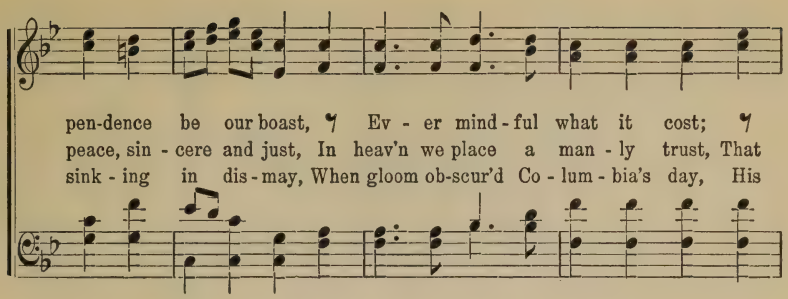
1. Hail Co - lum - bia, hap - py land! Hail, ye he - roes,
2. Im - mor - tal pa - triots, rise once more, De - fend your rights, de-
3. Be - hold the chief who now com-mands, Once more to serve his

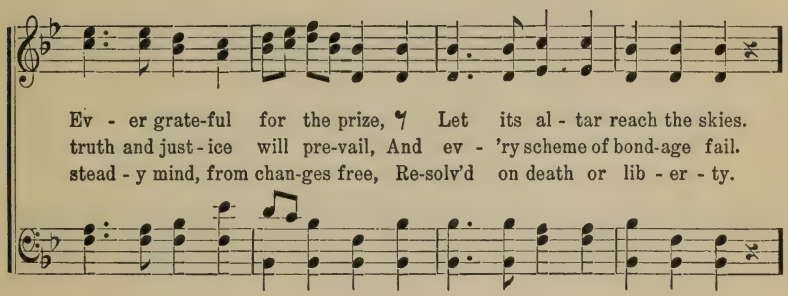
heav'n born band, Who fought and bled in free - dom's cause, Who
fend your shore! Let no rude foe, with im - pious hand, Let
coun - try stands The rock on which the storm will beat, The

fought and bled in free - dom's cause, And when the storm of
no rude foe, with im - pious hand, In - vade the shrine where
rock on which the storm will beat, But armed with vir - tue,

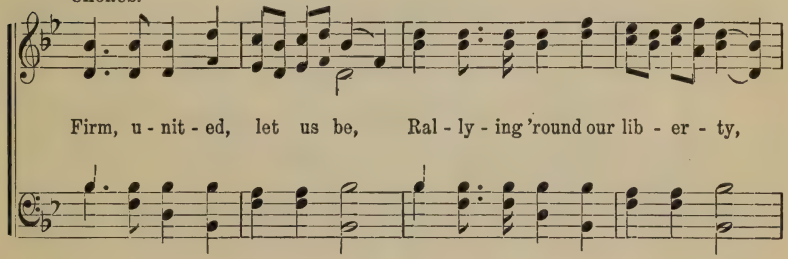
war had gone En - joyed the peace your val - or won. Let in - de-
sa - cred lies Of toil and blood, the well earn'd prize. While off - 'ring
firm and true, His hopes are fixed on heav'n and you. When hope was

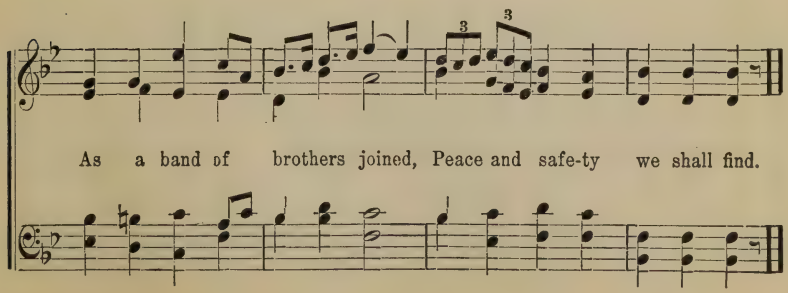
Hail Columbia.





CHORUS.





No. 52. Red, White and Blue.

Allegro. Arr. by FRANK L. ARMSTRONG.

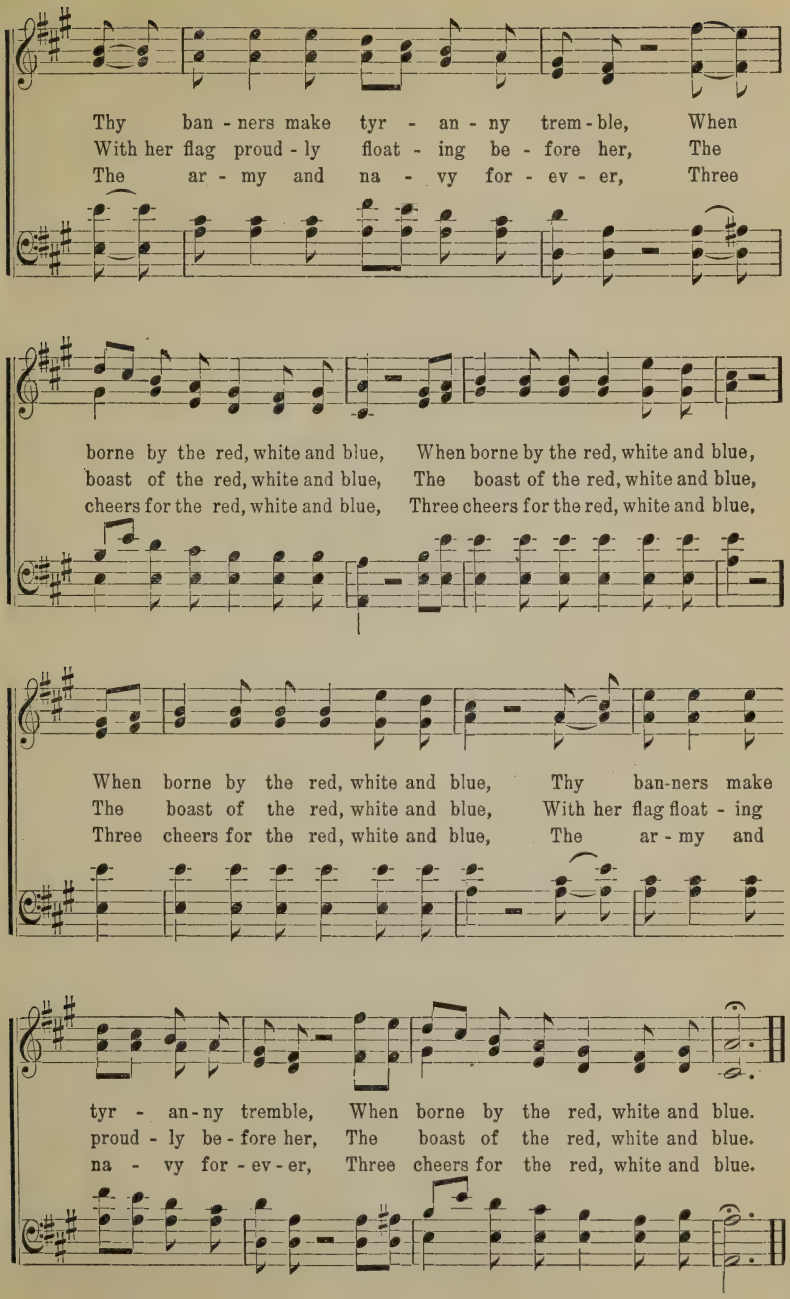
1. Oh, Co - lum - bia, the gem of the o - cean, The home of the
2. When war wing'd its wide des - o - la - tion, And threaten'd the
3. The star - span-gled ban - ner bring hith-er, O'er Columbia's true

brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de - vo - tion,
land to de - form, The ark then of free - dom's foun - da - tion,
sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er with - er,

A world of - fers hom - age to thee; Thy man - dates make
Co - lum - bia rode safe thro' the storm: With the gar - lands of
Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave; May the serv - ice u-

he - roes as - sem - ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in view;
vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave crew,
ni - ted ne'er sev - er, But hold to their col - ors so true;

Red, White and Blue.



No. 53. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Voices in Unison.

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY, 1814.

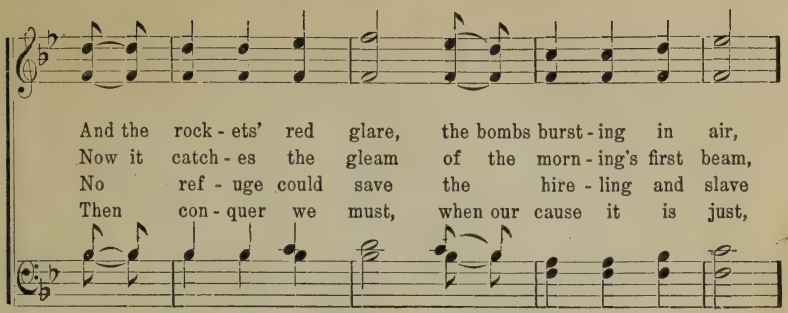
1. Oh, say, can you see, by the dawn's ear - ly light,
2. On the shore dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore,
4. Oh, thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand

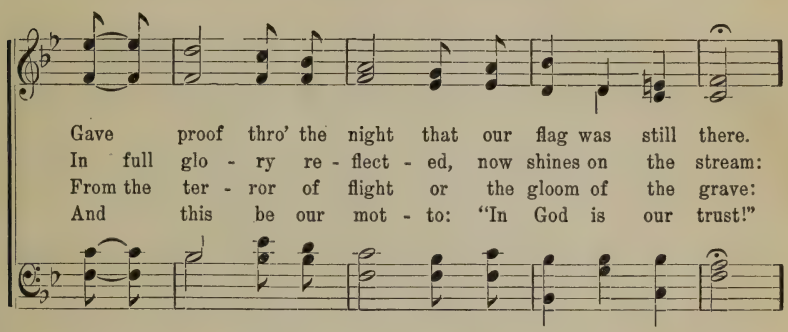
What so proud - ly we hail'd at the twi - lights last gleaming,
Where the foes haught-y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es,
That the hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion,
Be - tween their loved home and wild war's des - o - la - tion;

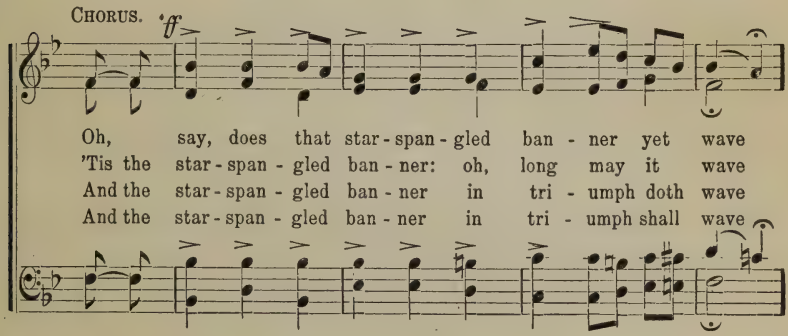
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - i - lous fight,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep,
A home and a coun - try should leave us no more?
Blest with vic - t'ry and peace, may the heav'n-res - cued land

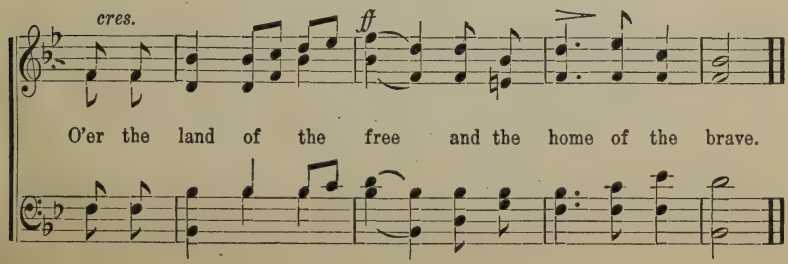
O'er the ram - parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming?
As it fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es?
Their blood has wash'd out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion.
Praise the pow'r that hath made and pre - serv'd us a na - tion!

The Star-Spangled Banner.









No. 54. Utah We Love Thee.

By E. Stephens.

1. Land of the moun - tains high, U - tah, we love thee;
2. Co - lum - bia's new - est star, U - tah, we love thee;
3. Land of the Pi - o - neers, U - tah, we love thee;

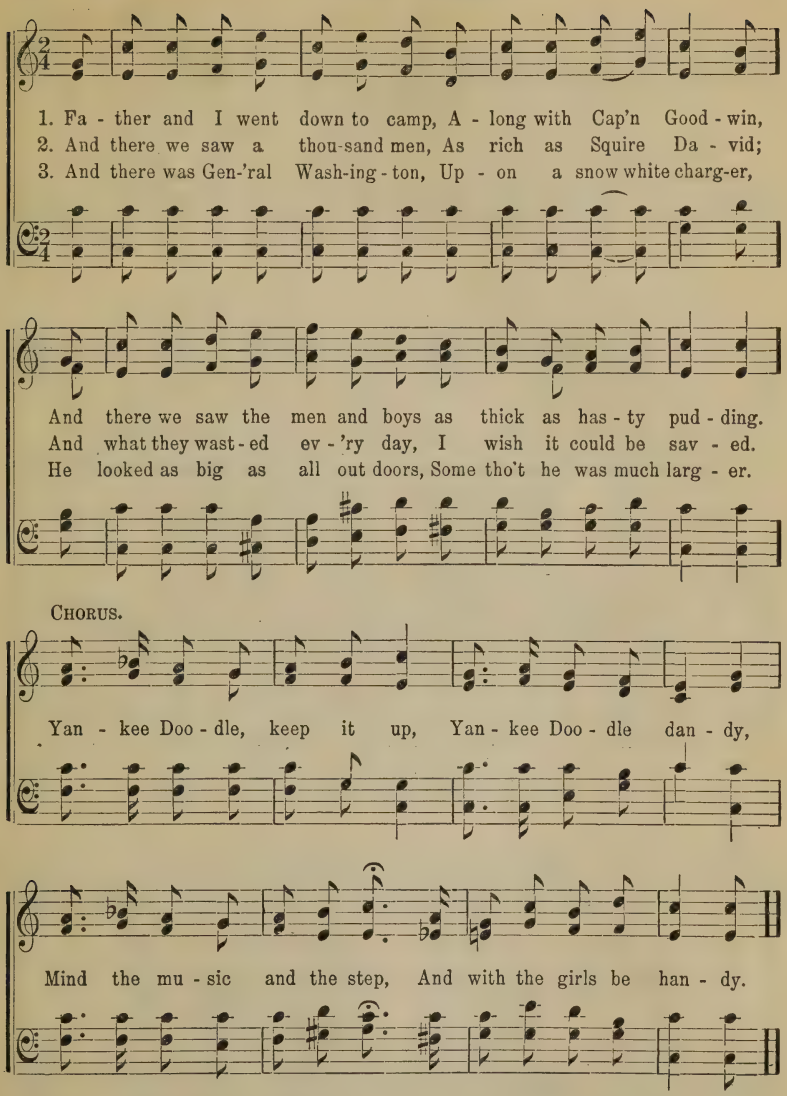
Land of the sun - ny sky, U - tah, we love thee!
Thy lus - tre shines a - far, U - tah, we love thee!
Grow with the com - ing years, U - tah, we love thee!

Far in the glo - rious west, Throned on the moun - tain's crest,
Bright in our ban - ner's blue, A - mong her sis - ters true,
With wealth and peace in store, To fame and glo - ry soar,

ff *p*

In robes of state - hood dress'd, U - tah, we love thee.
She proud - ly comes to view, U - tah, we love thee.
God guard - ed ev - er - more, U - tah, we love thee.

No. 55. Yankee Doodle.



4 And there they had a copper gun
Big as a log of maple,
They tied it to a wooden cart,
A load for father's cattle.

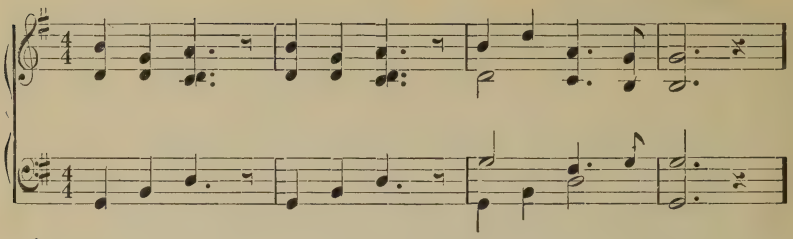
5 And every time they shoot it off,
It takes a horn of powder,
And makes a noise like father's gun,
Only a nation louder.

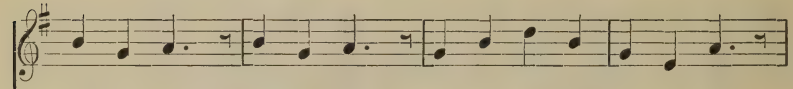
6 And there I saw a little keg,
All bound around with leather,
They beat it with two little sticks,
To call the men together.

7 But I can't tell you half I saw,
They kept up such a smother,
I took my hat off, made a bow,
And scampered home to mother.

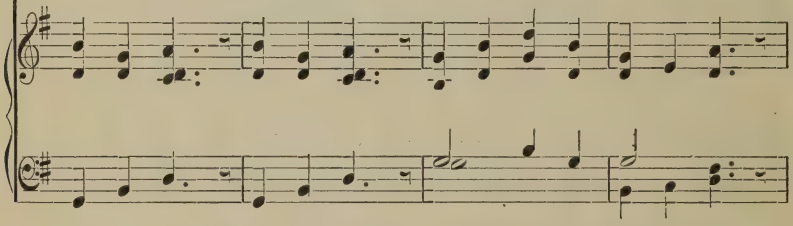
No. 5: Baby Bye, Here's a Fly.

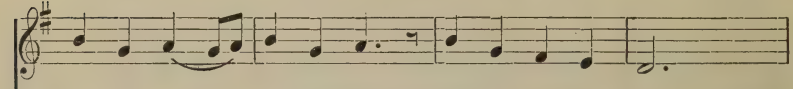
TILTON. J. M. F. SNODGRASS.



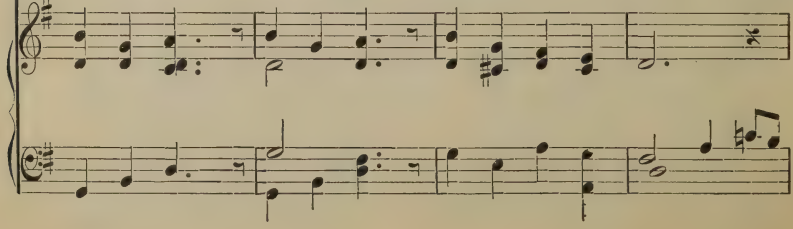


1. Ba - by bye, here's a fly, Let us watch him, you and I;
2. Spots of red dot his head; Rain-bows on his wings are spread!
3. All wet flies, twist their thighs, So they wipe their head and eyes;
4. Flies can see more than we, So how bright their eyes must be!

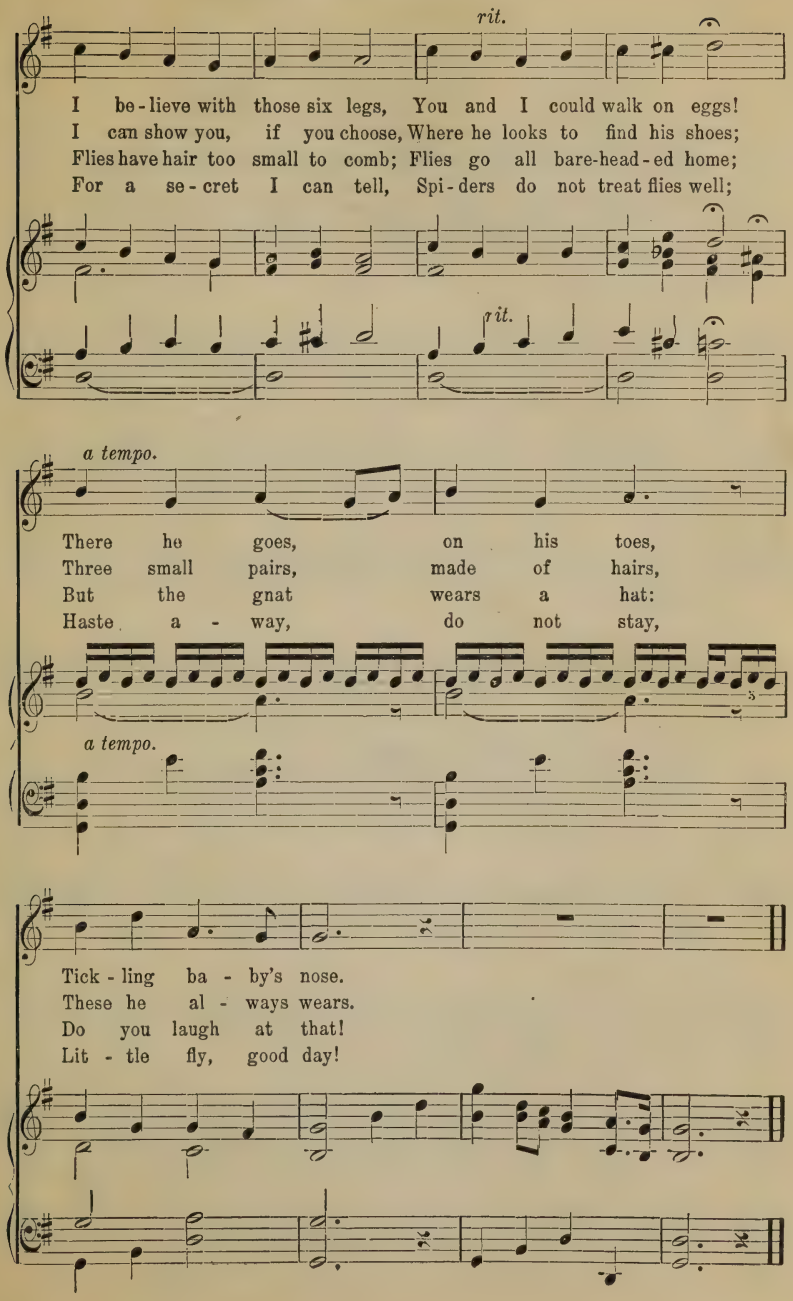




How he crawls up the walls, Yet he nev - er falls!
That small speck is his neck, See him nod and beck;
Cats, you know, wash just so; Then their whiskers grow!
Lit - tle fly, mind your eye, Spi - ders are near by;



Baby Bye, Here's a Fly.



No. 57. Color Birds.

(*A musical recitation for six little girls.*)

1st Singer.....Yellow Bird, (*Med. voice.*)
2nd Singer.....Birdie Blue, (*Med. voice.*)
3rd Singer.....Birdie Red, (*Med. voice.*)
4th Singer.....Birdie Green, (*High voice.*)
5th Singer.....Purple Bird, (*Med. voice.*)
6th Singer.....Orange Bird, (*High voice.*)

The three first singers must wear the colors they represent; the other three appear in white, and at proper time should have a loose fitting dress of the color to be represented placed on them by the singers as indicated; for example, yellow and blue put on the green dress. All should enter from behind curtain or screen as their turns come. The motions should be imitations of flying birds.

Music by
J. J. McCLELLAN.

1st Singer (*Yellow.*)
Allegretto.

Play I am a bird that sings; Play my arms and hands are wings;

I can dance but can-not fly; Lit-tle yel-low bird am I,

CHORUS. 1st Singer.

Yel-low Bird, Yel-low Bird am I, am I.

Color Birds.

2nd Singer (*Blue.*)

I'm a lit - tle bird - ie, too, Hap - py, danc - ing bird - ie Blue.

3rd Singer (*Red.*)

See my gauz - y wings I spread: I am danc - ing Bird - ie Red.

CHORUS. 1st Singer.

Yel - low Bird, Yel - low Bird am I, am I.

2nd Singer.

Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue am I, am I.

Color Birds.

3rd Singer.

Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red am I, am I.

1st Singer. (*Enter 4 in white.*)

See our si - lent sis - ter there, has no col - or, let us share.

2nd Singer. Both.

I'll give; I'll give; come and sing, Blue and Yel - low Green will bring.

1st Singer.

Yel - low Bird, Yel - low Bird am I, am I.

tr tr

Golor Birds.

2nd Singer.

Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue am I, am I.

3rd Singer.

Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red am I, am I.

4th Singer (*Green.*)

Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green am I, am I.

(*Enter 5th in white.*)

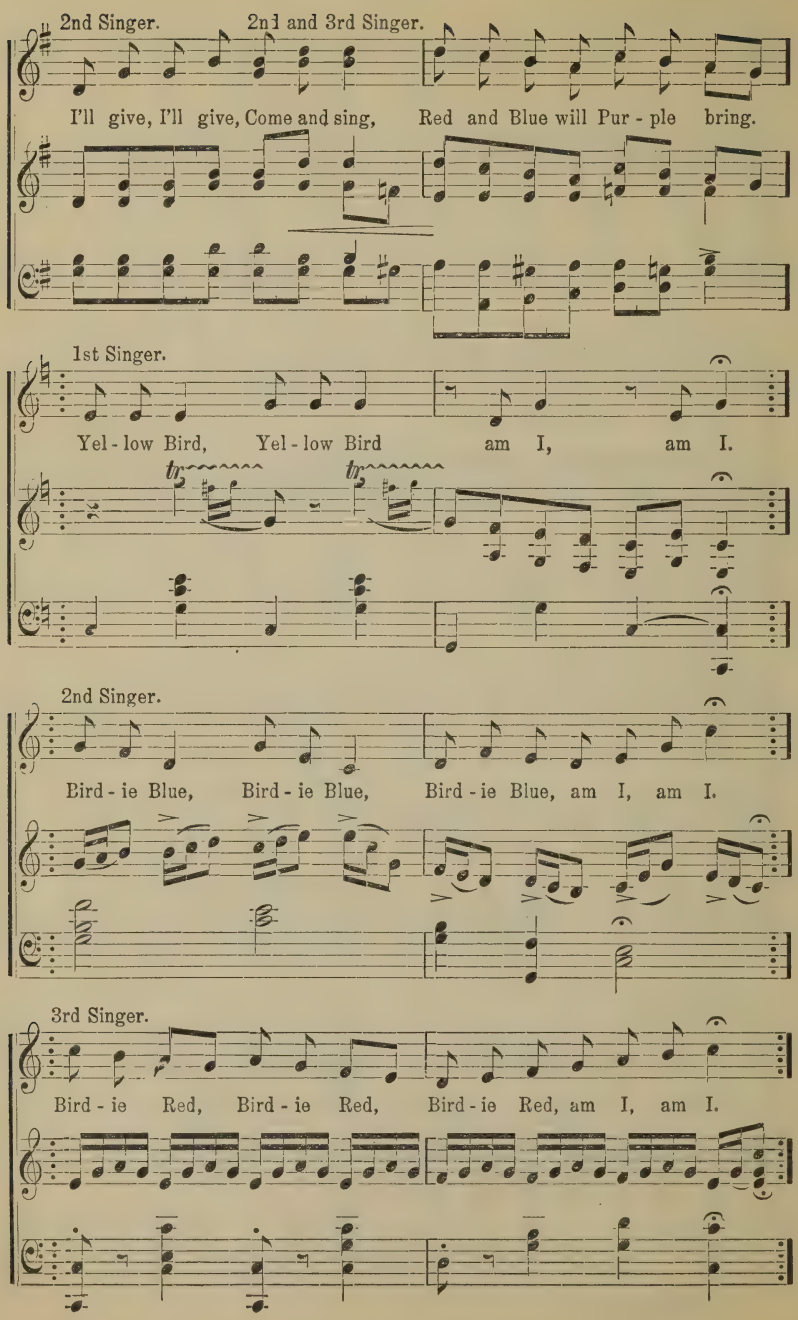
2nd Singer.

Here's an - oth - er to be dress'd;

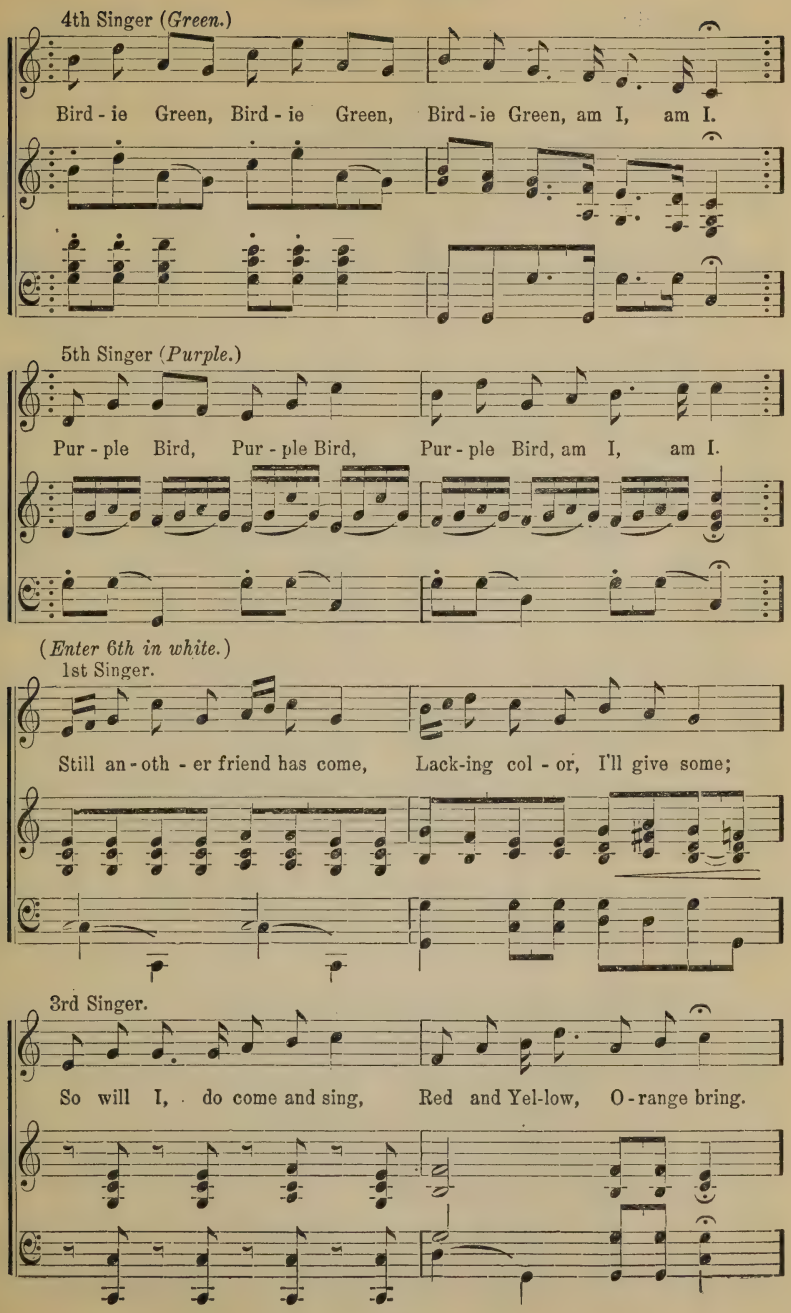
(3d to 5th Singer.)

Come and play a - mong the rest;

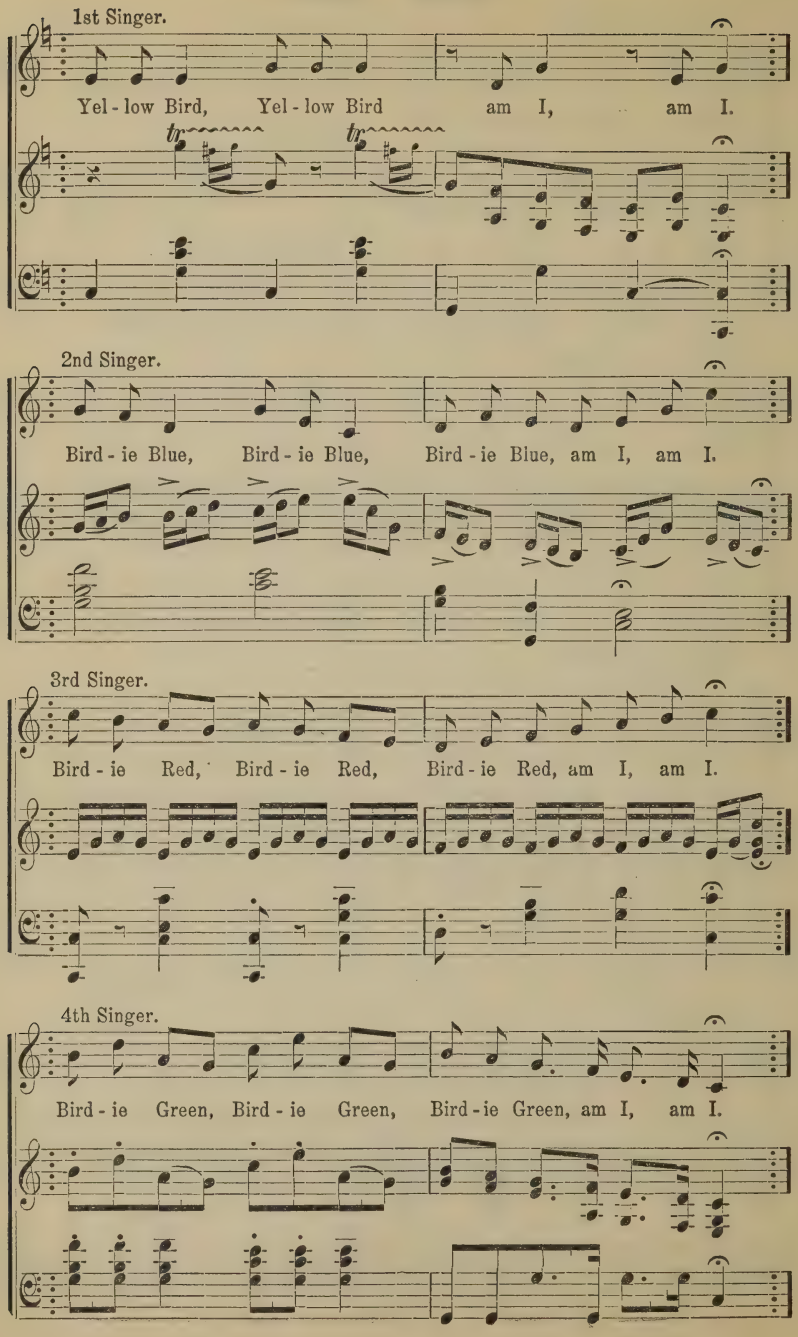
Color Birds.


2nd Singer.
2nd and 3rd Singer.
I'll give, I'll give, Come and sing, Red and Blue will Pur - ple bring.
1st Singer.
Yel - low Bird, Yel - low Bird am I, am I.
2nd Singer.
Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, am I, am I.
3rd Singer.
Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, am I, am I.

Golor Birds.


4th Singer (*Green.*)
Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green, am I, am I.
5th Singer (*Purple.*)
Pur - ple Bird, Pur - ple Bird, Pur - ple Bird, am I, am I.
(*Enter 6th in white.*)
1st Singer.
Still an - oth - er friend has come, Lack-ing col - or, I'll give some;
3rd Singer.
So will I, do come and sing, Red and Yel-low, O - range bring.

Color Birds.


1st Singer.
Yel - low Bird, Yel - low Bird am I, am I.
2nd Singer.
Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, Bird - ie Blue, am I, am I.
3rd Singer.
Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, Bird - ie Red, am I, am I.
4th Singer.
Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green, Bird - ie Green, am I, am I.

Color Birds.

5th Singer (*Purple.*)

Pur - ple Bird, Pur - ple Bird, Pur - ple Bird, am I, am I.

6th Singer (*Orange.*)

O - range Bird, O - range Bird, O - range Bird, am I, am I.

All. (Three voices in each part.)

We'll be mer - ry as the birds, Speak-ing, sing-ing pleas-ent words;

rit. molto.

Love and kind-ness, joy will bring, All must give that all may sing;

Golor Birds.

(Two voices in each part.)

Chil-dren glad, chil - dren glad, Chil-dren glad are we,

ritard.

Chil-dren glad, chil-dren glad, Chil - dren gland are we.

ritard,

NOTE—Each chorus through may be repeated at pleasure. The little girl chosen to sing the part of the 6th singer, should posess the hightest voice, the 4th singer a close second.

No. 58. Hand Exercise Song.

Selected.

1. Roll your hands, roll your hands, As slow - ly, as slow - ly, as slow can
2. Roll your hands, roll your hands, As swift - ly, as swift - ly, as swift can

be; Then fold your arms like me, like me, Then fold your arms like me.

3 Clap your hands, clap your hands,
As softly, as softly, as soft can be;
Then fold your arms like me, like me,
Then fold your arms like me.

4 Clap your hands, clap your hands,
As loudly, as loudly, as loud can be;
Then fold your arms like me, like me,
Then fold your arms like me.

5 Go to sleep, go to sleep,
As lazily, as lazily, as lazy can be;
Then bow your head like mine, like mine,
Then bow your head like mine.

6 All wake up, all wake up,
As brightly, as brightly, as bright can be;
Then fold your arms like me, like me,
Then fold your arms like me.

No. 52

Good-night.

Moderato.

Selected.

1. Good-night, good - night, and peace be with you,
2. Good-night, good - night, oh, gen - tly breathe it,

Peace, that gentlest part - ing strain, Peace to - night and joy to-mor-row,
'Tis a pray'r for those we love, Peace to - night and joy to-mor-row,

Peace to - night,

And may He who shields the spar - row Guard us till we
And may He who shields the spar - row Hear us from his

Good - night.

meet a - gain, Good - night, good-night, good-night, good-night.
courts a - bove, Good - night, good-night, good-night, good-night.

No. 60. Recitation Song.

C. A. C. Hadsell. Yankee Doodle.

1. Oh, Yan-kee Doo-dle is the tune We boys and girls de-light in,
2. Sep-tem-ber gives us thir-ty days, June, A-pril and No-vem-ber,
3. Six-ty min-utes make an hour, Six-ty sec-onds a min-ute,

'Twill do to whis-tle, sing or play, And best of all re-cite in,
The rest have thir-ty-one, al-ways, As you may well re-mem-ber,
Twen-ty-four hours make a day, A week has seven days in it,

Five times five are twen-ty-five, Five-time six are thir-ty,
Feb-ru-a-ry's twen-ty-eight, The number's some-times bigger,
Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thurs-day, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day,

Five times seven are thir-ty-five, And five times eight are for-ty.
One year in four there's one day more, When twen-ty-nine's the fig-ure.
Sun-day, Mon-day, Tues-day, Wednesday, Thursday, Fri-day, Sat-ur-day.

4 S-u-n Sun d-a-y day,
The first of all the seven,
And we must do no work or play,
For so the mandate's given;
Since 'tis a divine decree,
We'll try and not forget it,
Of heart and hand we'll watchful be,
And we shall ne'er regret it.

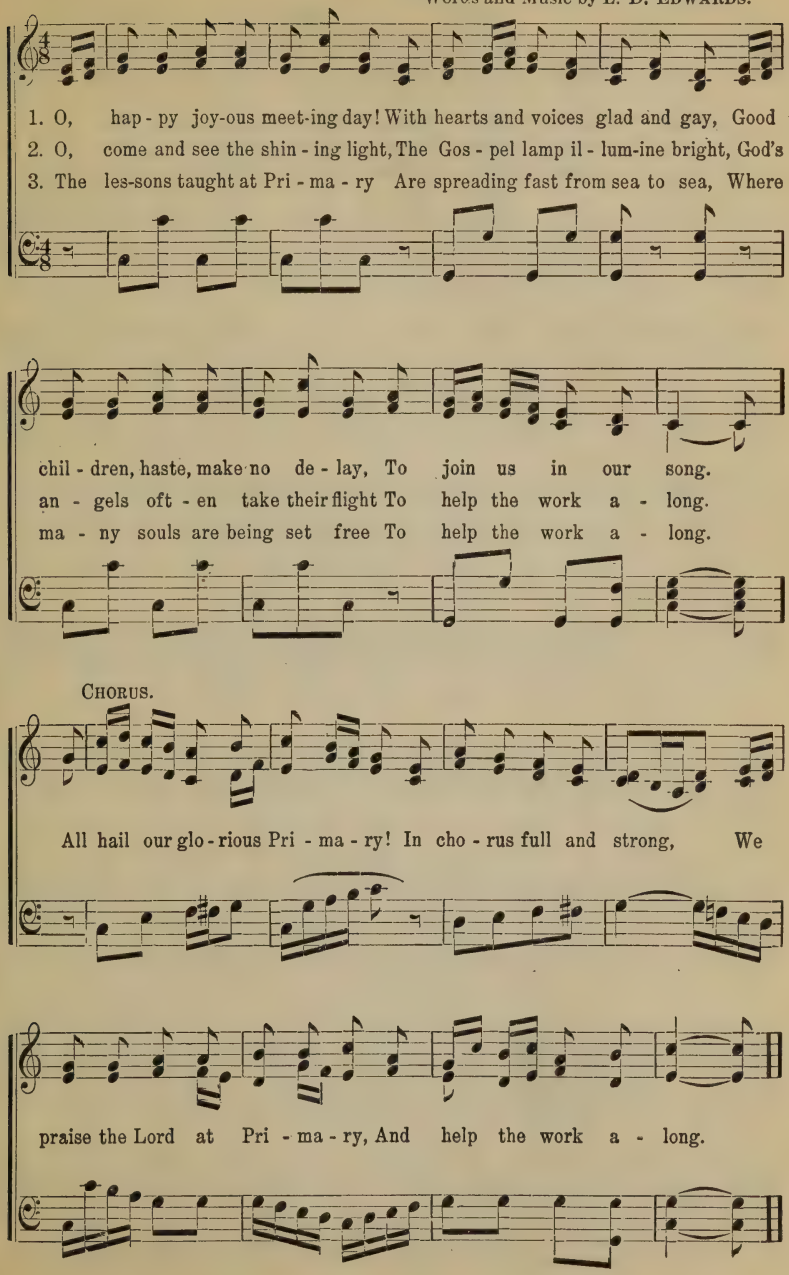
5 M-o-n Mon d-a-y day
And this was made for labor,
So we must find some deed that's kind,
To do for self or neighbor.
T-u-e-s-d-a-y, day,
Pronounce it at your pleasure,
We'll try no more, the other four
Will yield to rhyme nor measure.

6 We've learned about the kingdoms three,
Arithmetic and Spelling,
Reading, Drawing—O dear me!
We'd tire you with the telling;
Geography and Botany,
We grapple them quite handy,
And when they're done, we have some fun
With Yankee doodle dandy.

7 "Yankee Doodle" is the tune
We boys and girls delight in,
'Twill do to whistle, sing or play
And best of all recite in.
Five times nine are forty-five,
Five times ten are fifty,
Five times 'leven are fifty-five,
And five times twelve are sixty.

No. 61. Primary March Song.

Words and Music by L. D. Edwards.



No. 62. Life's True Joy.

W. Muller.

Allegretto.

1. { The boy who nev - er rose at dawn, When
   And saw the stars turn pale and wan, And
2. { The boy who nev - er hoed a row Of
   Or watched with pride his squash - es grow, May
3. { The boy who nev - er in the sun Helped
   Or on the hay - rack had the fun Of

D. C. 1. 2. 3. *The boy who nev - er rose at dawn, When*

Fine.

sum - mer days are long, When sum - mer days are long,
heard the rob - in's song, And heard the rob - in's song:—
tur - nips or of corn, Of tur - nips or of corn,
look on farms with scorn, May look on farms with scorn;
rake the spi - cy hay, Helped rake the spi - cy hay,
stow - ing it a - way, Of stow - ing it a - way;—

sum - mer days are long, When sum - mer days are long.

I should not care to be that boy! He does not know life's
But I'd not care to be that boy! He does not know life's
May think he knows life's tru - est joy— But I'd not care to

D. C. al fine.

tru - est joy, He does not know life's tru - est joy!
tru - est joy, He does not know life's tru - est joy!
be that boy! But I'd not care to be that boy!

"From Educational Music Course," Third Reader. By permission of Ginn & Co.

No, 63. The Hedge-Rose,*

(For a concert.)

Music by SCHUBERT.
Arr. by A. C. SMYTH.

OLIVER BRAND.

Not too fast. UNISON. *May be sung as a Solo.*

1. Spied a child, a rose one day, By the wayside blushing,
2. Thou art mine, dear wild rose red, By the wayside blushing,
3. Care-less-ly he cull'd in the flow'r, By the wayside blushing,

cres.

And its tints so bright and gay Shone as when the sun of May Morn-ing skies are
But the flow'r re - ply-ing said, "Thorns shall meet thy hand instead, All thy ar - dor
Sharpest thorns displayed their pow'r, Weeping he laments the hour, Red, red blood is

ad lib. *a tempo.*

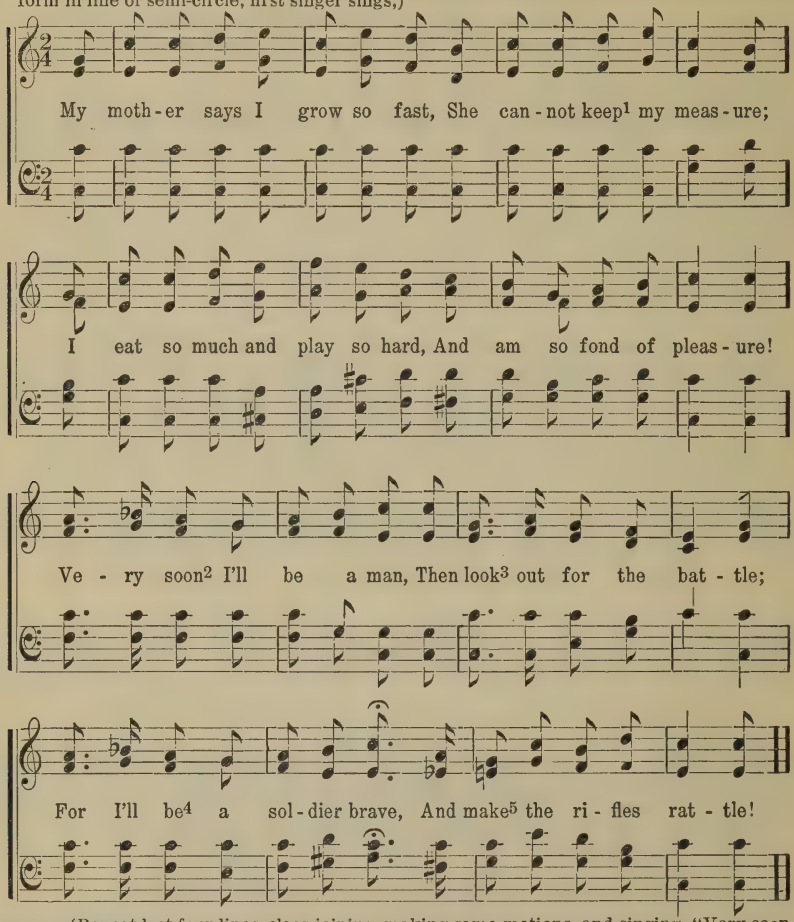
flushing, Little hedge-rose, hedge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.
hushing," Little hedge-rose, redge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.
gushing, Little hedge-rose, hedge-rose red, By the wayside blushing.

*Is a model of perfect melody, written by a grand master. When learned to sing with taste the children will love this little song.

No. 64. Song Dialogue for Boys.

A class of as many boys as desired may be chosen to sing the repeats. The four leading singers may be placed at intervals in the class or altogether. Uniform dress, slight imitation of soldiers, may be used. A boys' band, also in uniform, playing the music, will increase the interest. One boy with flute, harmonica, drum, or other instrument will do.

(Music enters, playing "Yankee Doodle." Boys follow, marching to music, and form in line or semi-circle, first singer sings,)



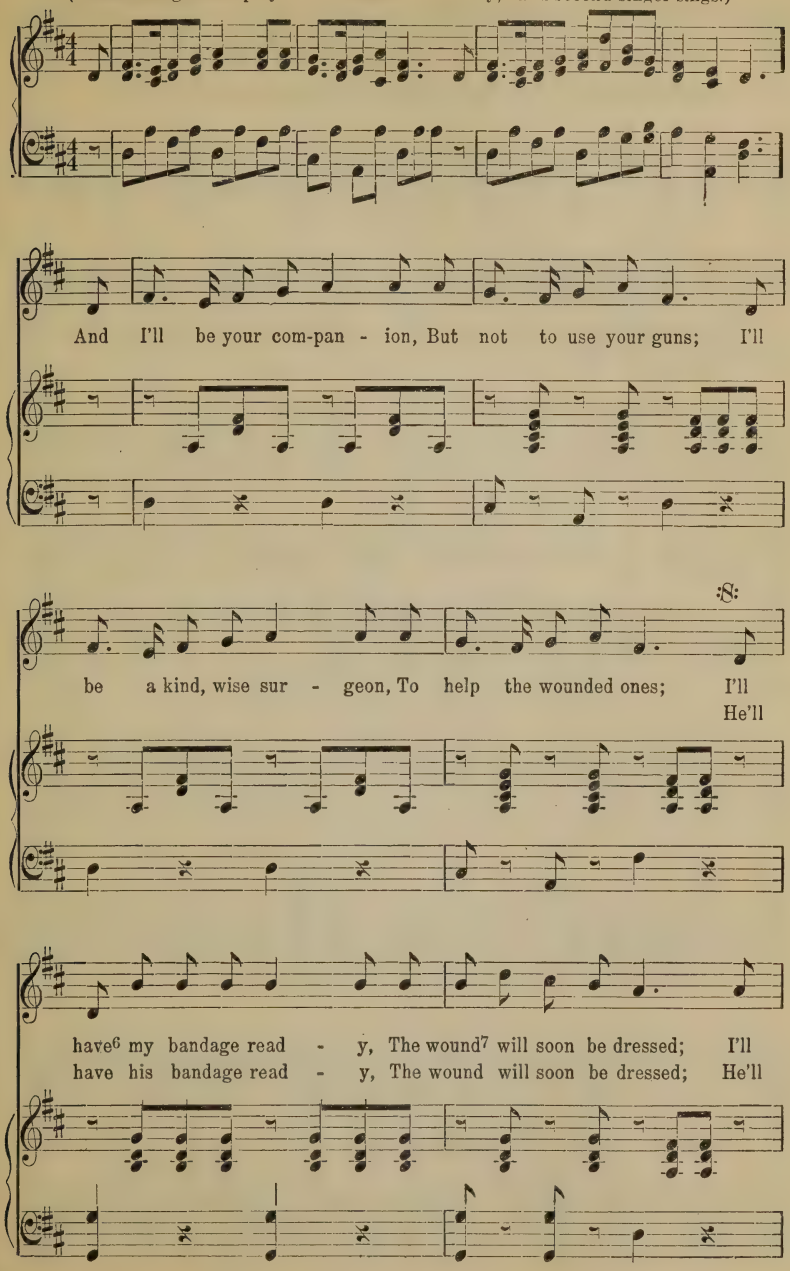
(Repeat last four lines, class joining, making same motions, and singing, "Very soon he'll be a man," etc.)

MOTIONS. 1. Raises hand over head. 2. Stretches up, hands on hips. 3. Turns to second boy, shoving up sleeves as if to strike. 4. First position of soldier with arms. 5. Position for shooting. 6. Pulls handkerchief from pocket. 7. Wraps handkerchief around left arm. 8. Spread hands gently. 9. Places left arm across left breast and pats it softly. 10. Strokes cheek. 11. Spreads hands gently. 12. Raises and clasps hands, and raises eyes. 13. Bends knees, half kneeling, and eyes still raised. 14. Reaches out hands. 15. Places hand on head. 16. Reaches out hands. 17. Draw hands toward breast. 18. Points upward. 19. Reaches out hand. 20. Places hand on head. 21. Reaches out hands. 22. Bring hands toward breast. 23. Indicate this with head and hand. 24. Each two boys clasp right hands. 24. Every second boy gently draws other boy's hand under left arm. Music leads march and all march 'round and off, singing last 4 measures.

—*L. L. Greene Richards.*

Song Dialogue for Boys.

(Music changes and plays "The Maid of Monterey," and second singer sings.)



Song Dialogue for Boys.

Repeat D. S.

cure[8] all those who can be cured, And cheer[9] and soothe[10] the rest.

(Repeat last four lines, class joining, making same motions, and singing "He'll have his bandage ready," etc.)

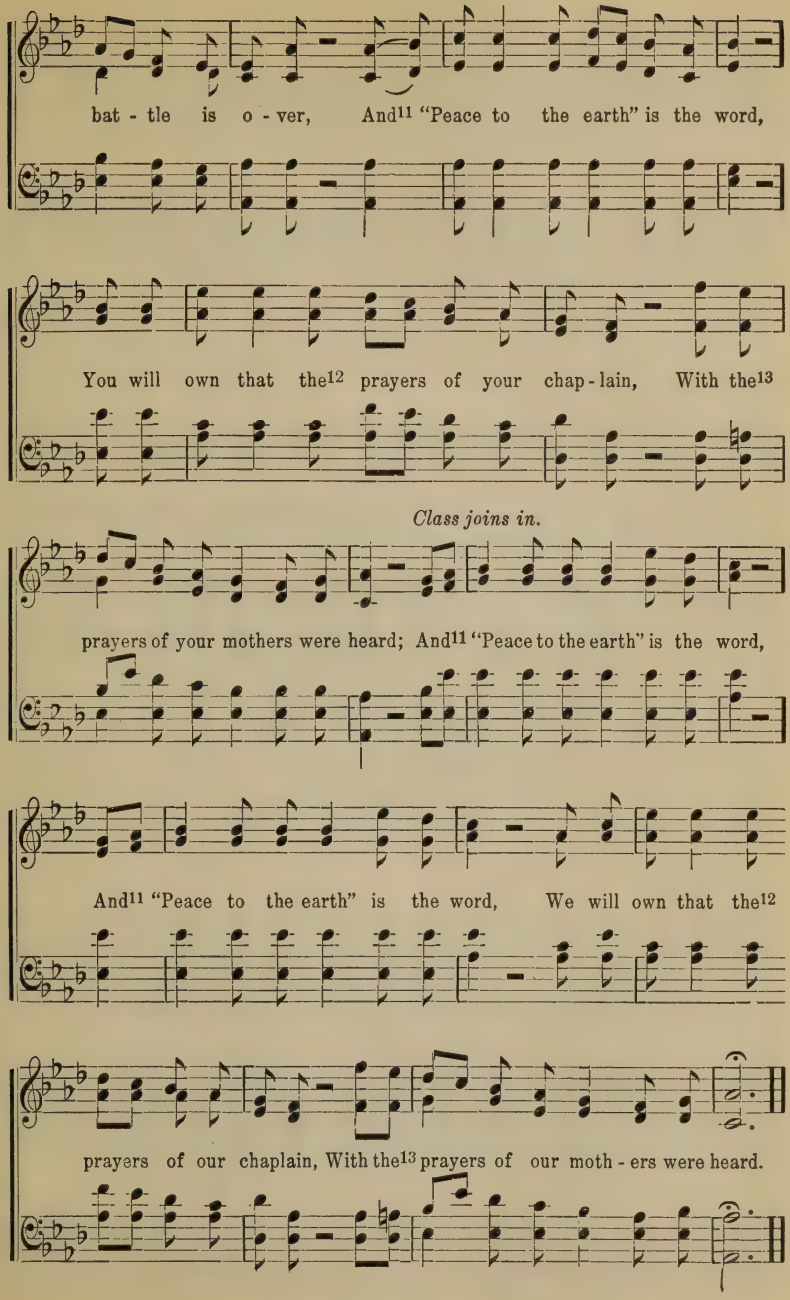
(Music changes to "Red, White and Blue," and third singer sings.)

Oh, boys! I shall want to go with you, To see what the

world is a - bout; I think you can make me your chaplain,

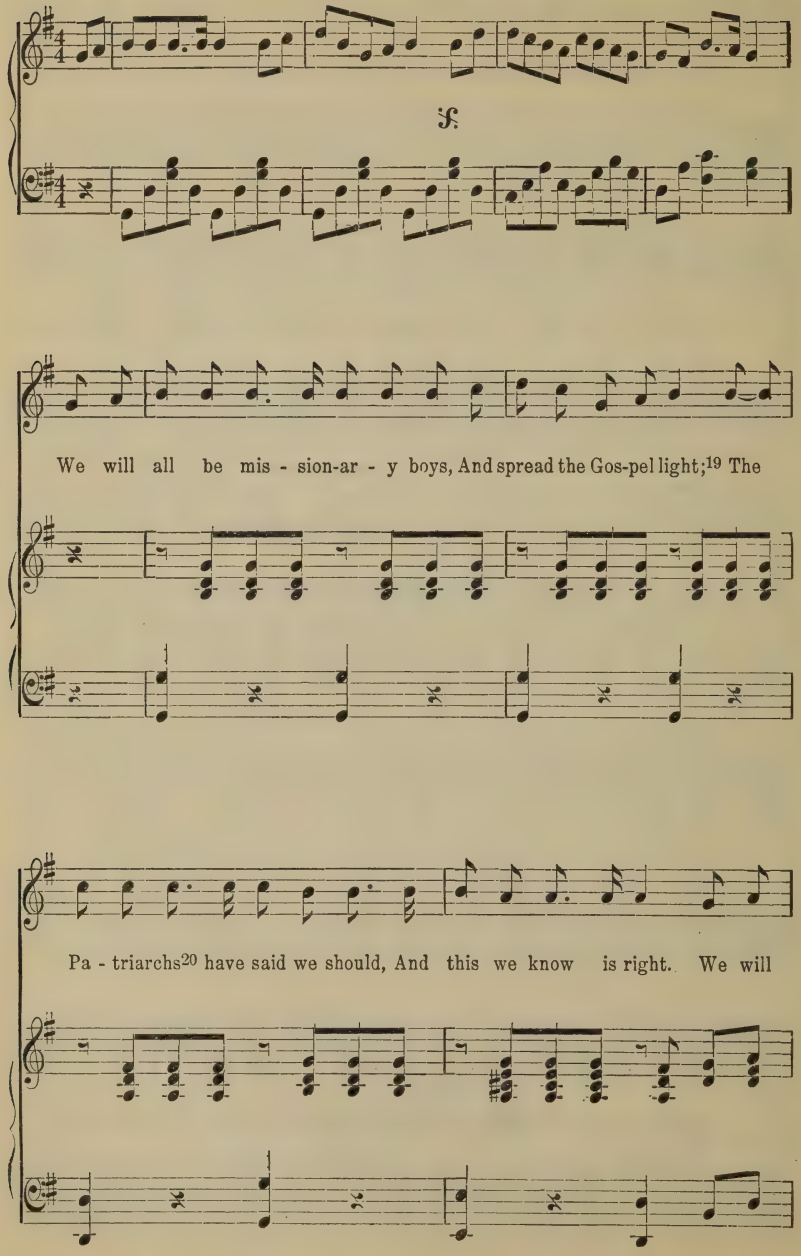
I'll learn to be grave and de - vout! And when the last

Song Dialogue For Boys.

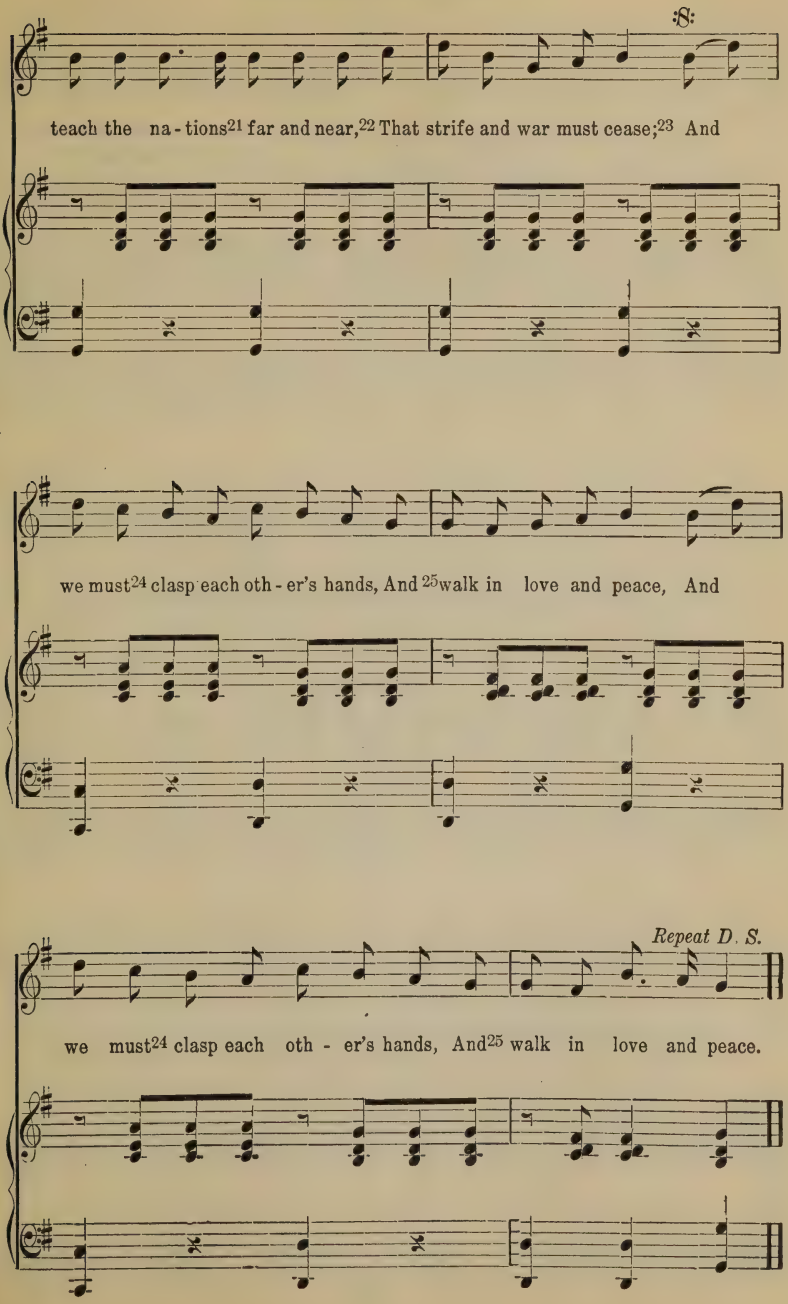


Song Dialogue for Boys.

(Music changes to "Jeanette and Jeannot" and the fourth singer sings.)

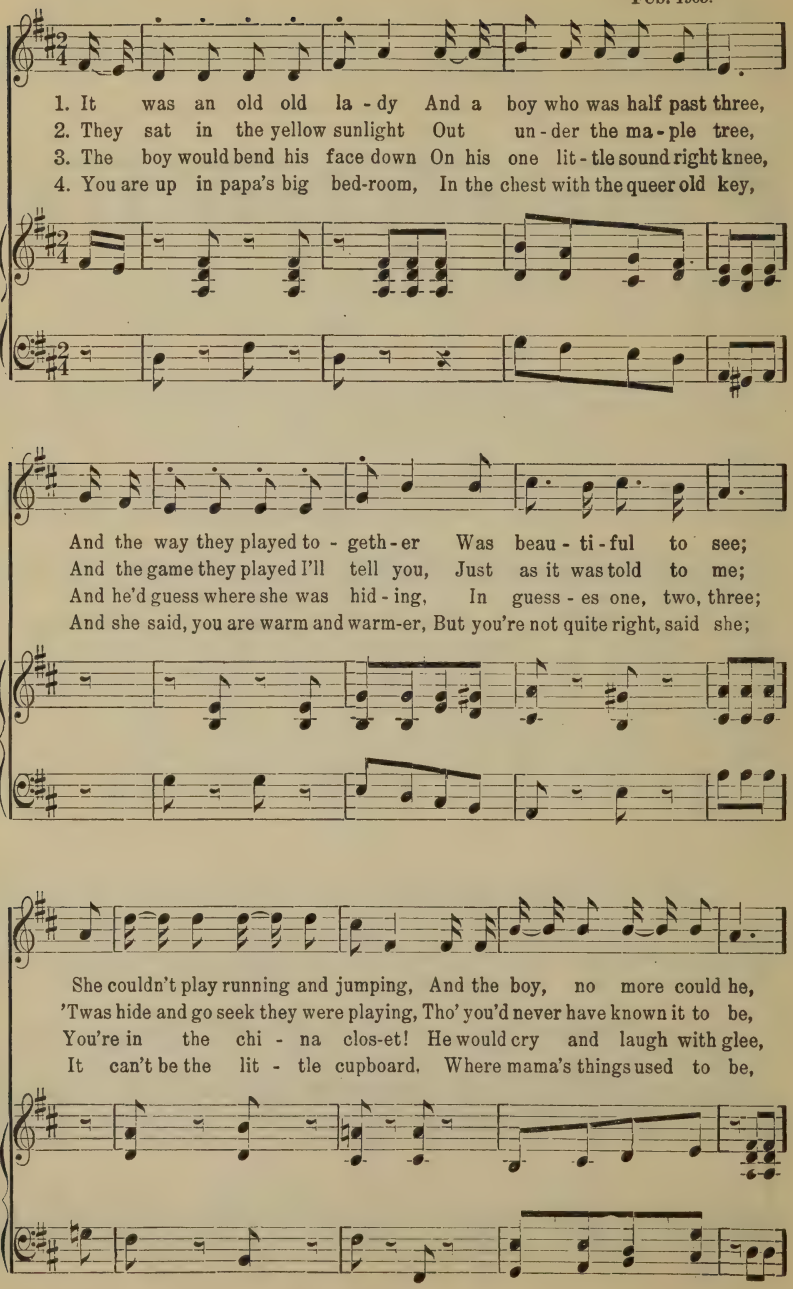


Song Dialogue for Boys.

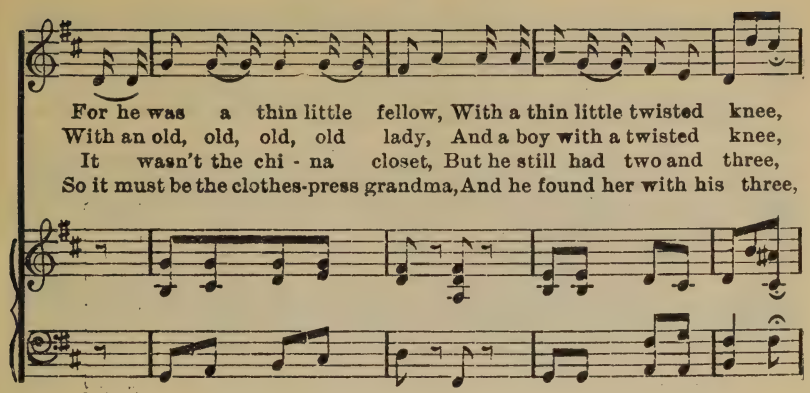


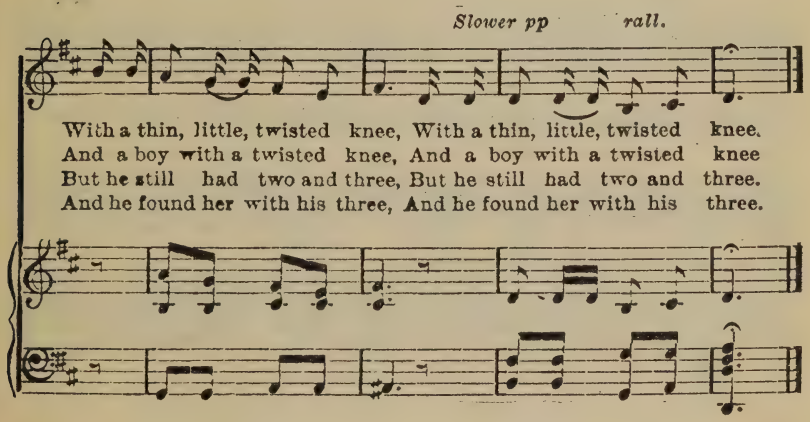
No. 65. One, Two, Three.

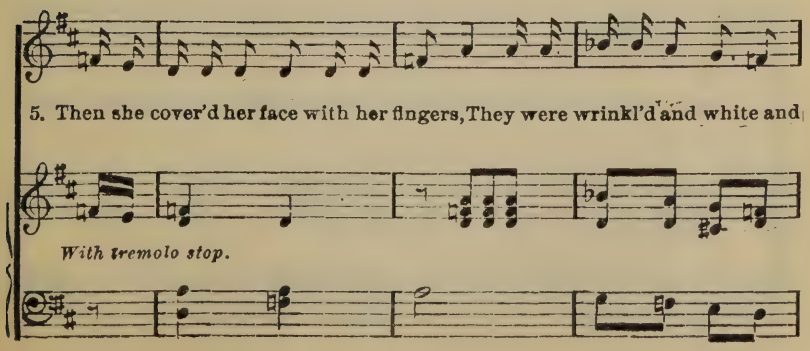
A. C. Smyth.
Feb. 1903.



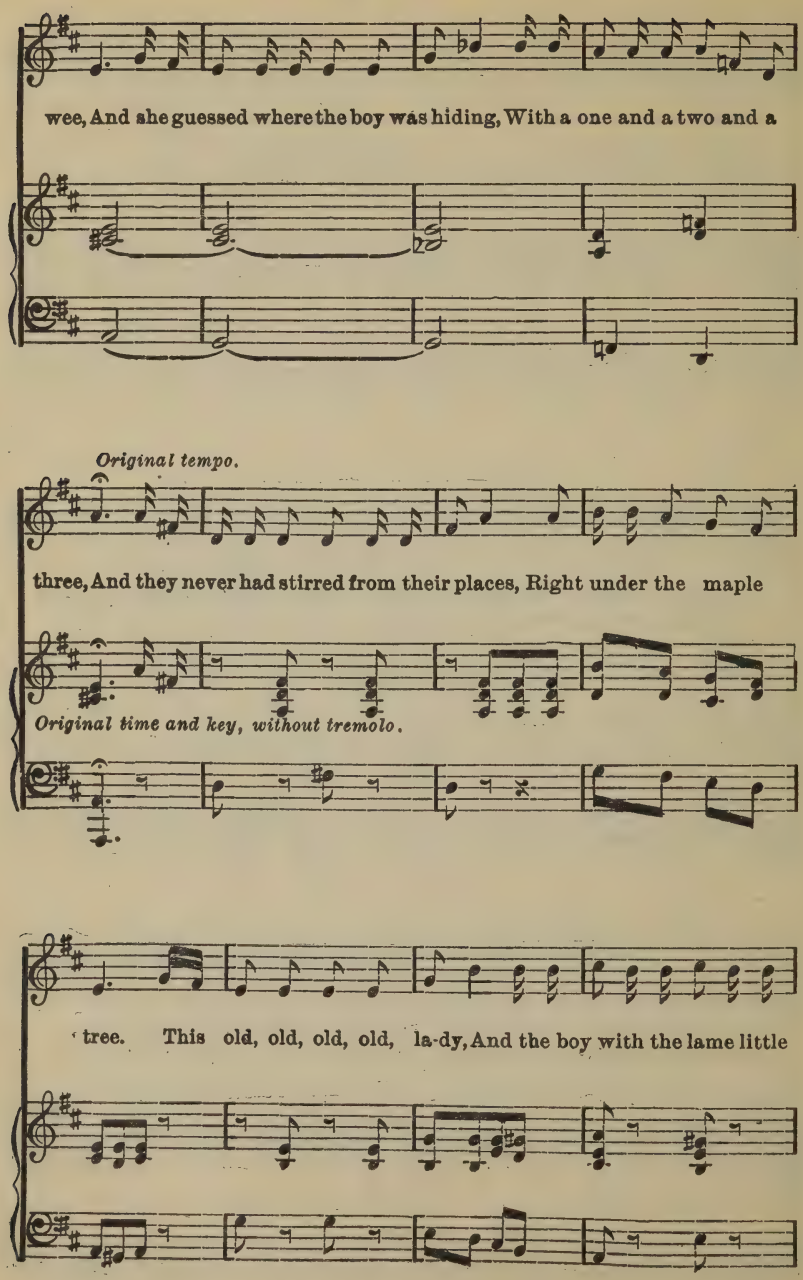
One, Two, Three.



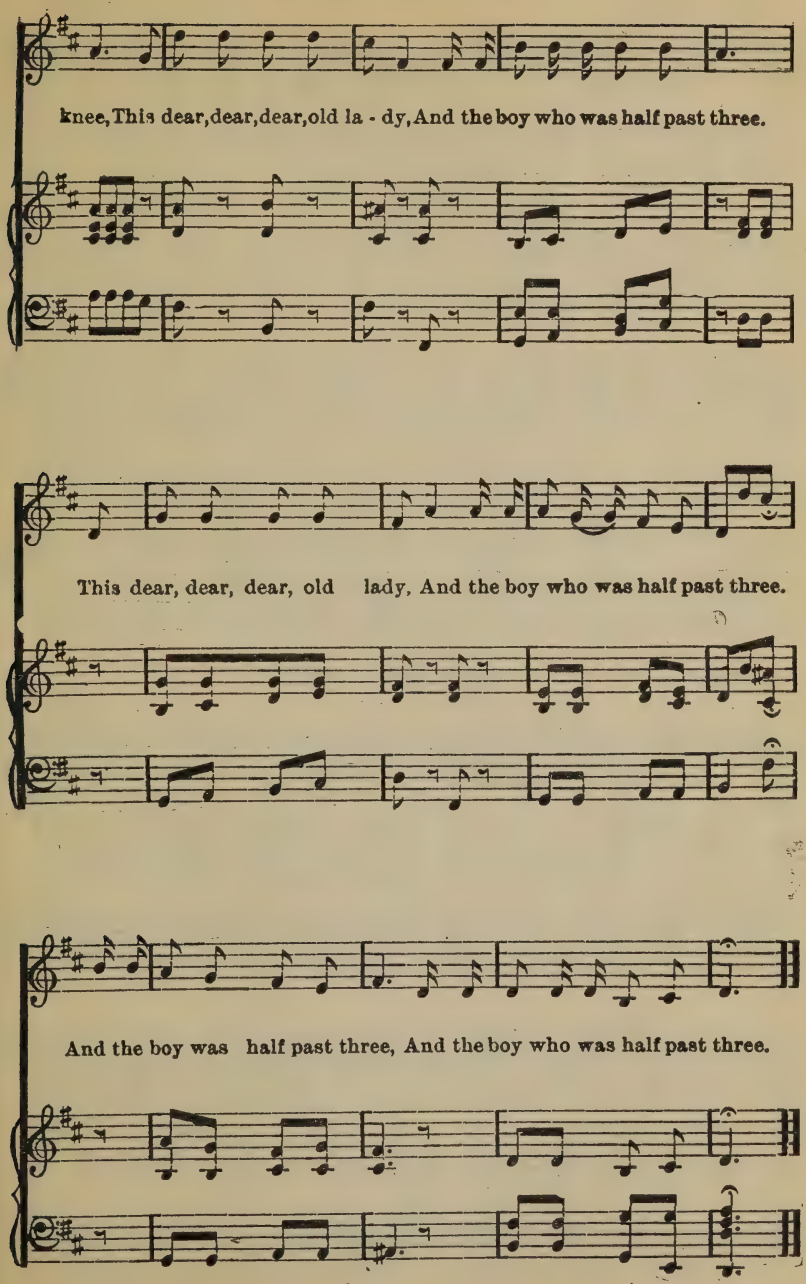




One, Two, Three.



One, Two. Three.



No. 66. Welcome, Friends of Song.

Moderato. Selected.

1. Young and a - ged, short and tall, Mar - ried or sin - gle, In
2. While the air with mu - sic rings, Ban - ish all sor - row; O
3. Crit - ics, be not too se-vere, Snarl - ers, don't grum - ble, We

CHO. Wel - come, wel - come, friends of song, Glad - ly we greet you; We

D. C. for Chorus.

har - mo - ny we wel - come all Free - ly to min - gle.
don't chat - ter while we sing You can talk to - mor - row.
don't pro-fess per - fect - ion here, We are but hum - ble.

hope the hour will not seem long. While we try to please you.

No. 67. The Busy Bee.

A. A. BEESLEY

1. How doth the lit - tle bus - y bee Im-prove each shin - ing hour,
2. How skill-ful - ly she builds each cell— How neat she spreads the wax;
3. In works of la - bor and of skill, I should be bus - y too;

And gath - er hon - ey all the day, From ev - 'ry open - ing flow'r.
And la - bors hard to store it well With the sweet food she makes.
For Sat - an finds some mis-chief still, For i - dle hands to do.

No. 68. Be in Time.

JANE B. SNYDER — THOMAS POWER.

1. Come, come, come! Haste a - way: don't de - lay; 'Tis the chil - dren's
2. Come, come, come! When we meet, you will see, Lit - tle chil - dren
3. Come, come, come! Not a tear; not a fear: Nor a sor - row

cres.

meet - ing day. Hearts are light: fac - es bright; What a hap - py sight.
all a - gree, Lov - ing truth: in their youth; Hap - py will they be.
is known here. We'll do right: with our might; As we old - er grow.

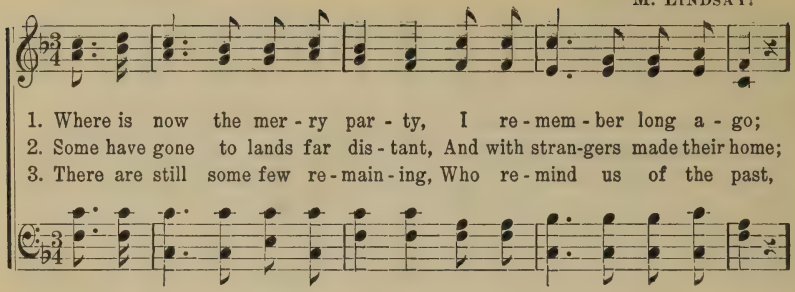
f

Come while yet the dews of morn, Na - ture all with gems a - dorn,
Come and join our bus - y throng; Come and help the work a - long.
Come and help us sing for joy; Ev - 'ry girl and ev - 'ry boy.

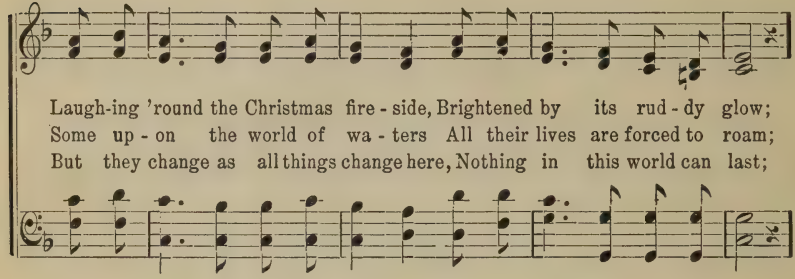
Be in time; rain or shine; Or - der is di - vine.

No. 69. Far Away.

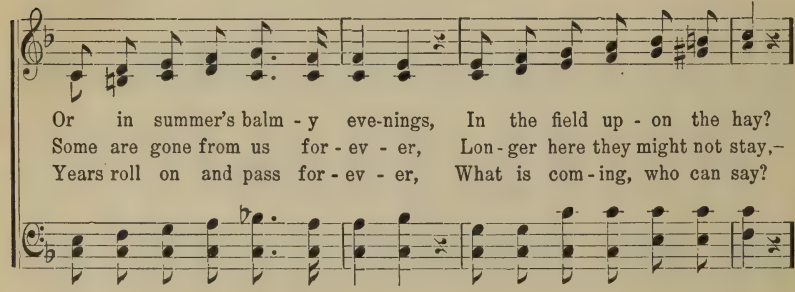
M. LINDSAY.



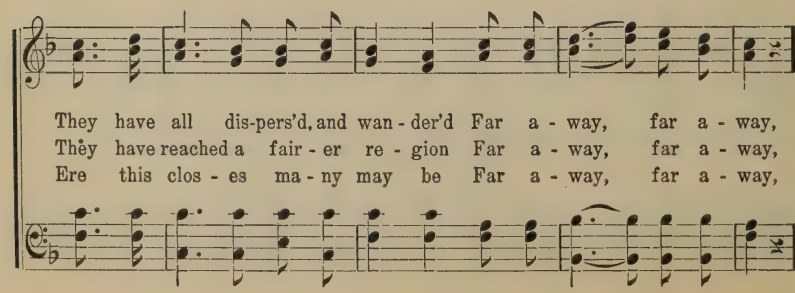
1. Where is now the mer - ry par - ty, I re - mem - ber long a - go;
2. Some have gone to lands far dis - tant, And with stran-gers made their home;
3. There are still some few re - main - ing, Who re - mind us of the past,



Laugh-ing 'round the Christmas fire - side, Brightened by its rud - dy glow;
Some up - on the world of wa - ters All their lives are forced to roam;
But they change as all things change here, Nothing in this world can last;

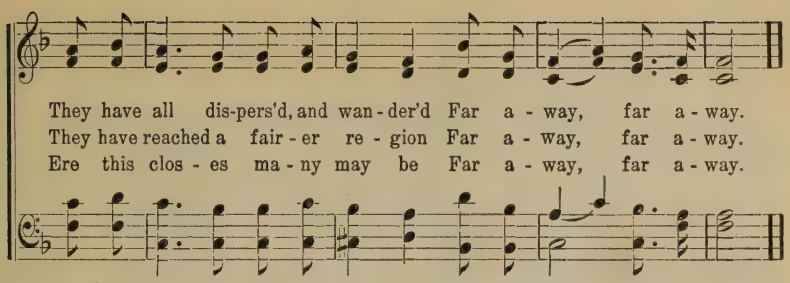


Or in summer's balm - y eve-nings, In the field up - on the hay?
Some are gone from us for - ev - er, Lon - ger here they might not stay,–
Years roll on and pass for - ev - er, What is com - ing, who can say?



They have all dis-pers'd, and wan - der'd Far a - way, far a - way,
They have reached a fair - er re - gion Far a - way, far a - way,
Ere this clos - es ma - ny may be Far a - way, far a - way,

Far Away.

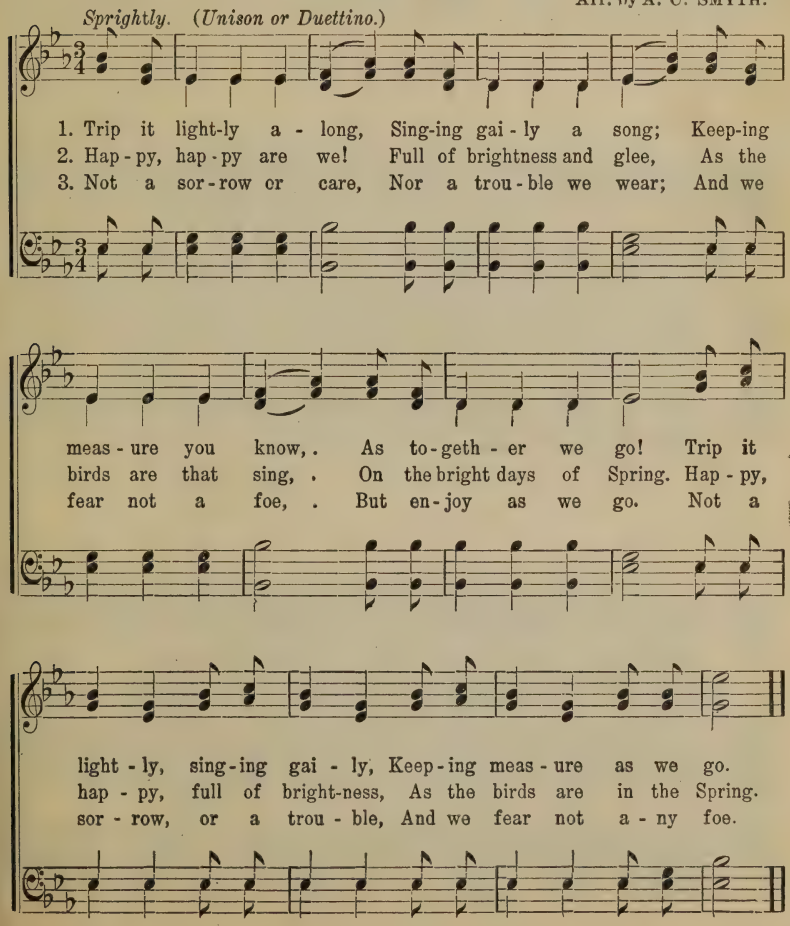


No. 70. "Trip it Lightly."

(*For a concert.*)

From Rossini.
Arr. by A. C. Smyth.

Sprightly. (*Unison or Duettino.*)



No. 71. My Father Dear.

E. R. Snow. A. C. Smyth.

Unison. *Moderato with simplicity.*

1. My own dear lov - ing fa - ther. Most good and kind to me; My
2. My earthly gifts and blessings, From father's bounties flow; O,
3. I think up - on his kindness, and fond emotions swell, From

heart is full of gratitude As heart of child can be. The
how shall I the debt repay? What can a child be - stow? I
pure affection's fountain streams, And more than words can tell, The

sweetest tones cannot express What my warm bosom feels, For
will not deign an offer - ing From mammon's shining mart; A
purpose of my heart shall be, My grat - i - tude to prove, And

My Father Dear.

all the love and ten - derness A father's care reveals.
richer to - ken I will bring—A tribute from the heart. My
with my life's in - teg - ri - ty, To tes - ti fy my love.

CHORUS.

father dear, My father dear, My own, my loving fa - ther, My

father dear, My father dear, My own kind, loving fa - ther.

No. 72. Hearts and Homes.

GEO. CARELESS.

Moderato.

1. Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure, Music breathing as they fall;
2. Hearts and homes, sweet words revealing, All most good and fair to see;

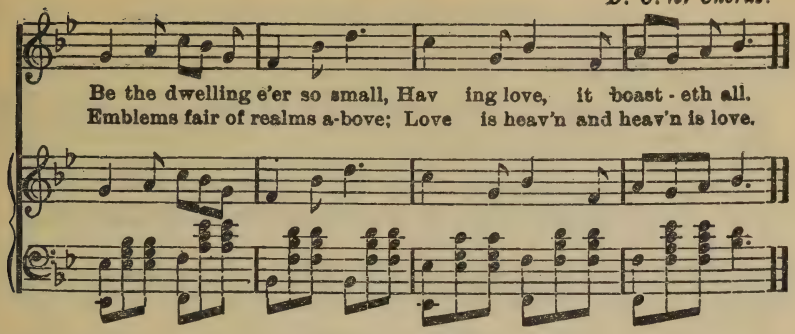
Fine.

Making each the other's treasure—Once divided los - ing all.
Fitting shrines for purest feelings—Temples meet to bend the knee.

Homes, they may be high or low - ly, Hearts alone can make them holy.
Infant hands bright garlands wreathing; Happy voices, incense breathing—

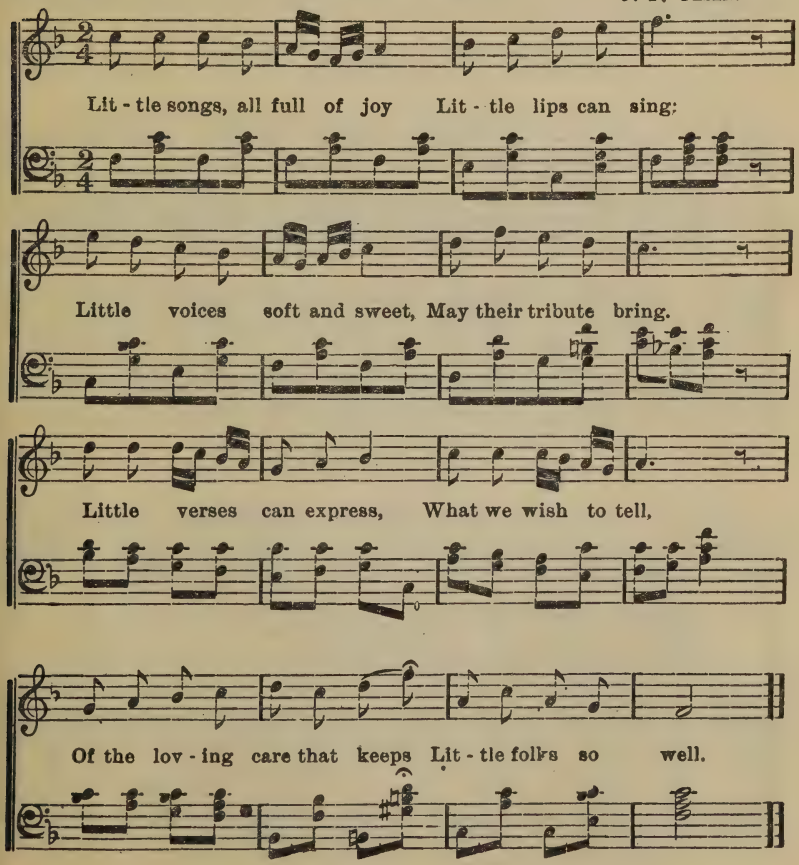
Hearts and Homes.

D. C. for Chorus.



No. 73. Little Songs.

J. P. Olsen.



No 74. Dare to do Right.

May be sung in two or three parts by following organ score.

UNISON. *Not too fast.* Arr. by A. C. S.

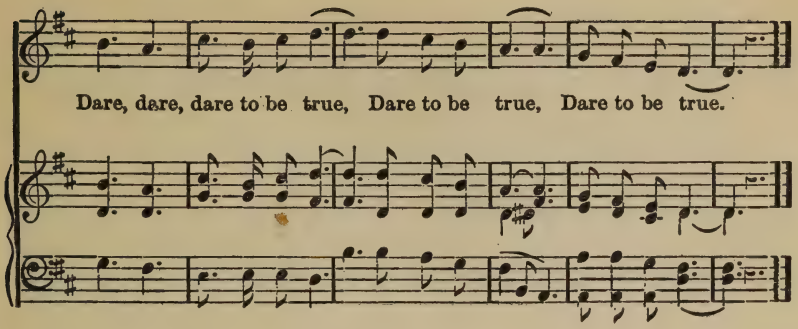
1. Dare to do right! dare to be true! You have a work that no
2. Dare to do right! dare to be true! Other men's failures can
3. Dare to do right! dare to be true! God who cre - at - ed you
4. Dare to do right! dare to be true! Keep the great judgment seat

oth - er can do; Do it so bravely, so kindly, so well,
nev - er save you. Stand by your conscience, your honor, your faith,
cares for you too; Treasures the tears that His striving ones shed,
al - ways in view, Look at your work as you'll look at it then—

REFRAIN.

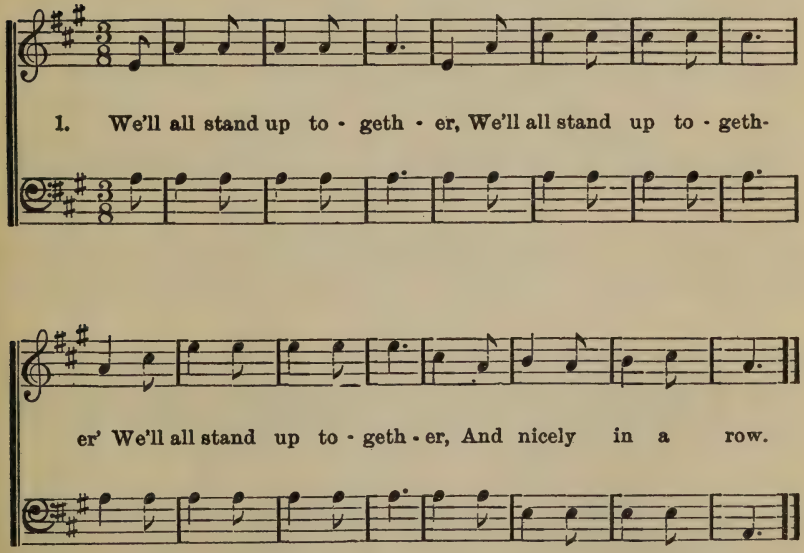
Angels will hasten the story to tell.
Stand like a he - ro and battle till death. Dare, dare, dare to do right,
Counts and protects ev'ry hair of your head.
Scan'd by Jehovah, and angels and men.

Dare to do Right.



No. 75. We'll All Stand Up Together.

MOTION SONG.



2. We'll all clap hands together, etc.
3. We'll all keep step together, etc.
4. We'll all turn round together, etc.
5. We'll all join hands together, etc.
6. We'll all sit down together, etc.
7. We'll all love one another, etc.
Just as we ought to do.

No, 75, In the Chambers of the Mountains.

EVELINE B. WELLS. A. C. SMYTH, Feb., 1903.

UNISON, *or three parts sung by following the organ score.*

1. In the cham - bers of the mountains Are a no - ble, might - y band,
2. Hosts of chil - dren here are grow-ing, In these mount-ain vales so fair;
3. Let us teach these precious chil - dren, Ev - 'ry pre - cept to o - bey,
4. On-ward! be the watch-word ev - er, Per - sev - er in do - ing right;

Tenor or Contralto voice,

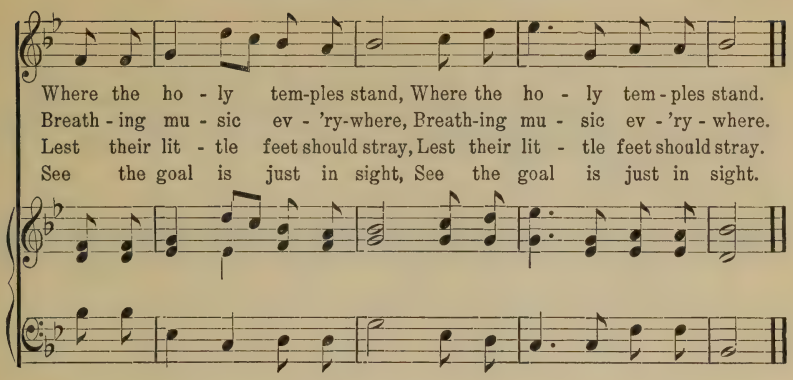
Bass voice.

Gath'ring strength from crys-tal fountains, Flowing thro' a chos - en land;
And their voic - es gen - tly flow - ing, Ech - o sweet - ly here and there;
That will tend to peace and un - ion, In that bet - ter, saf - er way;
Nev - er fal - ter chil - dren, nev - er! And your sure to win the fight;

Land of Zi - on, land of Zi - on, Where the ho - ly tem-ples stand,
Chil-dren's voic - es, chil-dren's voic - es, Breath-ing mu - sic ev - 'ry - where,
Ev - er prais-ing, Ev - er prais - ing, Lest their lit - tle feet should stray,
Cour-age chil - dren, cour - age chil-dren, See the goal is just in sight,

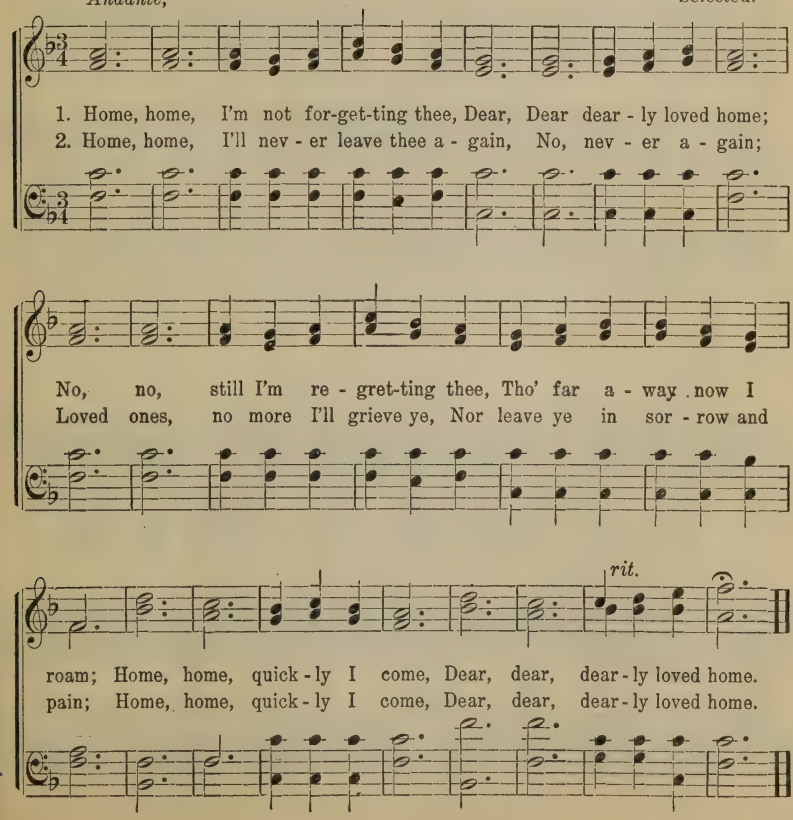
Contralto.

In the Chambers of the Mountains.



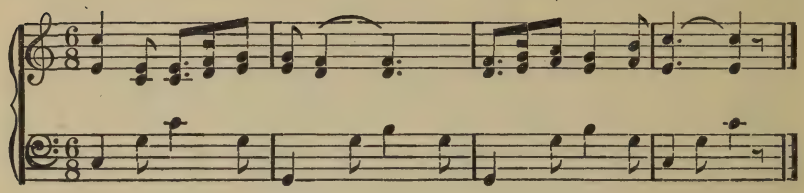
No. 76 Home.

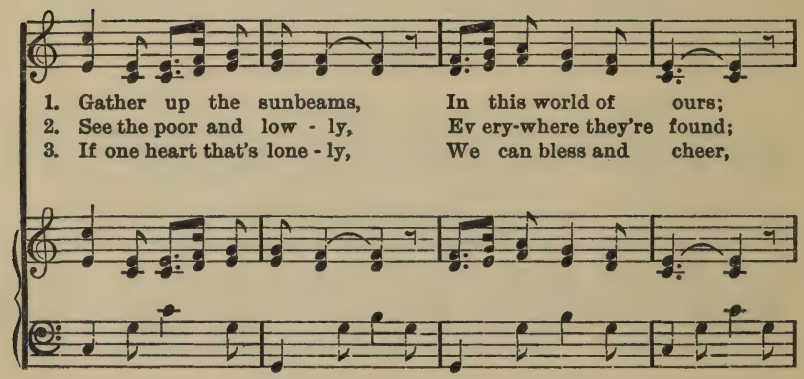
Andante, Selected.

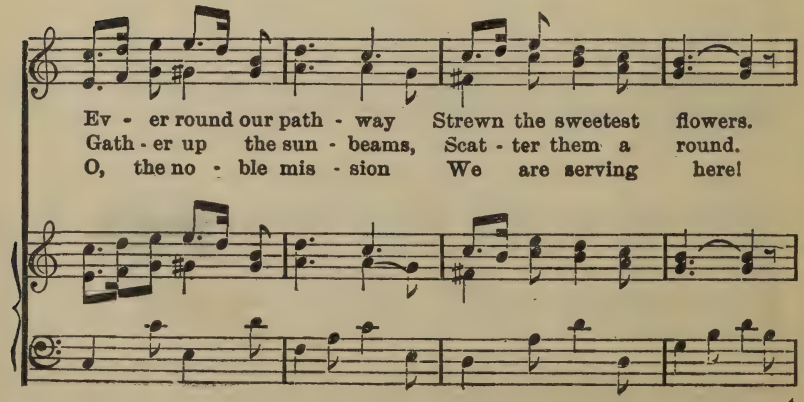


No 78.- Gather Up the Sunbeams.

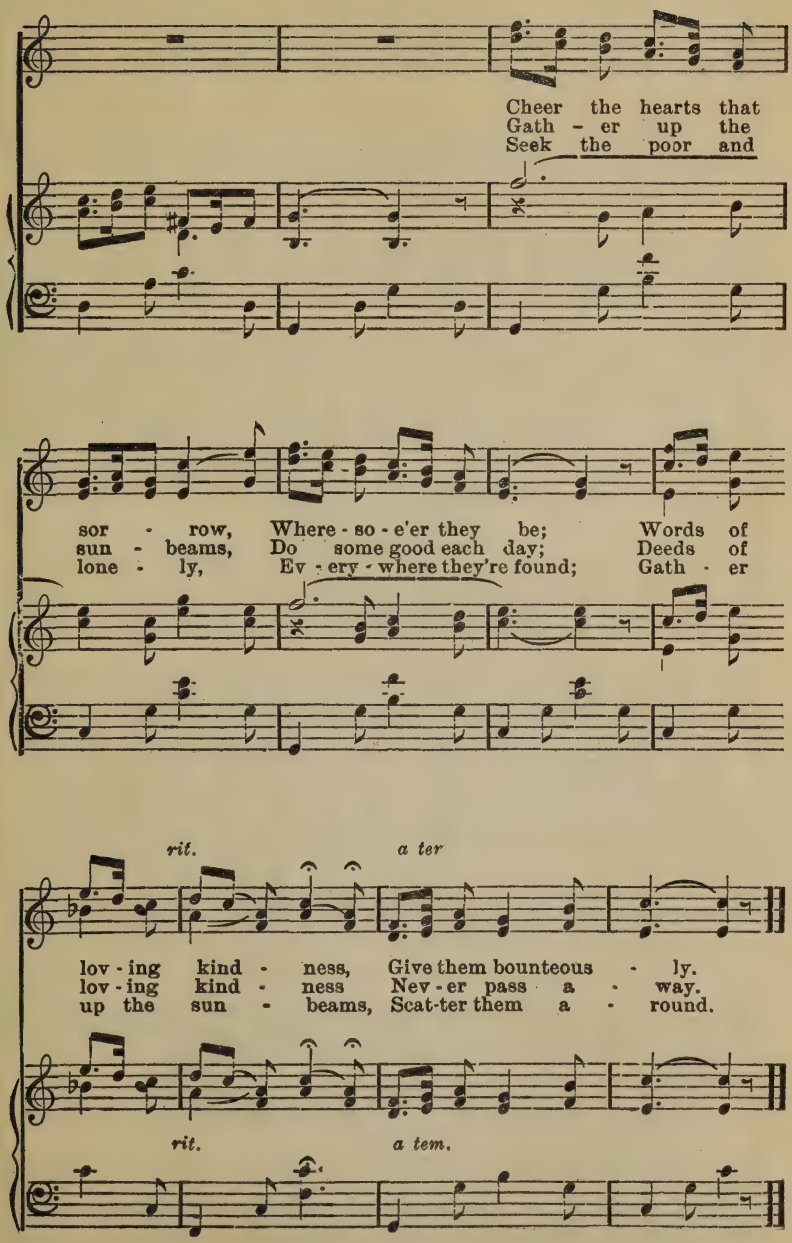
J. M. F. Snodgrass.







Gather Up the Sunbeams.



No. 79. In Our Lovely Deseret.

ELIZA R. SNOW. G. F. ROOT.

1. In our love - ly Des - e - ret, Where the saints of God have met,
2. That the chil-dren may long live, And be beau - ti - ful and strong,
3. They should be in - struct - ed young, How to watch and guard the tongue;
4. They must not for - get to pray, Night and morn-ing, ev - 'ry day,

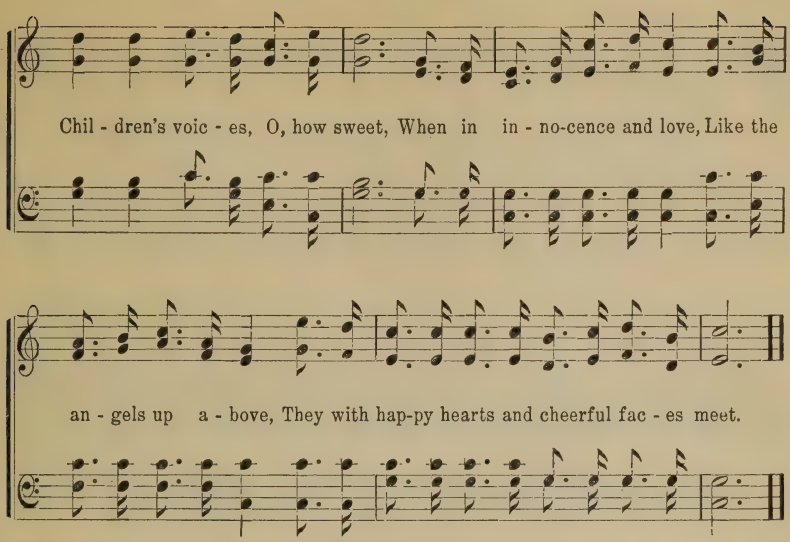
There's a mul - ti - tude of chil - dren all a - round; They are
Tea and cof - fee and to - bac - co they de - spise; Drink no
And their tem - pers train, and e - vil pas - sions bind; They should
For the Lord to keep them safe from ev - 'ry ill; And as-

gen - er - ous and brave, They have pre - cious souls to save, They must
li - quor, and they eat But a ver - y lit - tle meat; The are
al - ways be po - lite And treat ev - 'ry bod - y right And in
sist them to do right, That with all their mind and might, They may

CHORUS.

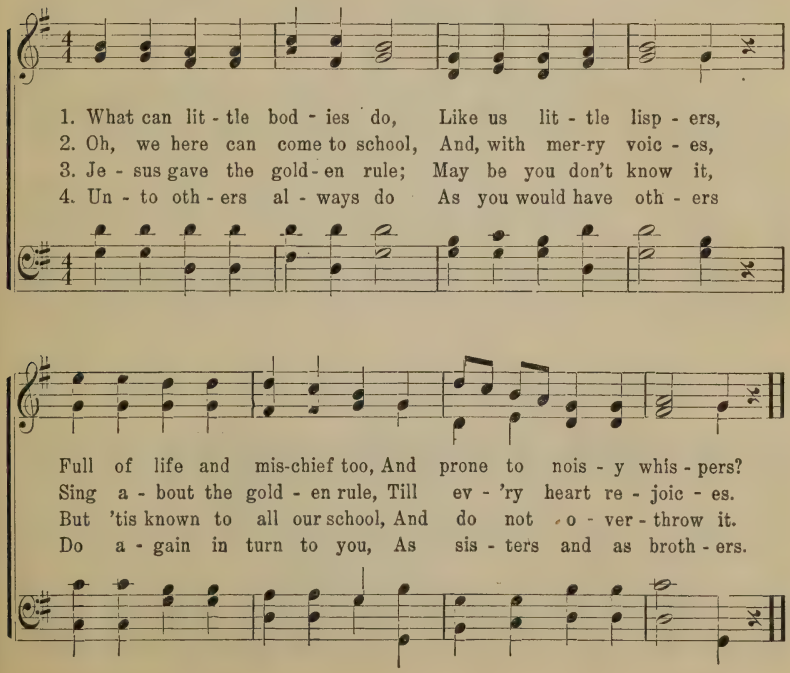
lis - ten and o - bey the gos-pel's sound.
seek-ing to be great and good and wise. Hark, hark, hark, 'tis children's music,
ev - 'ry place be af - fa-ble and kind.
love Him and may learn to do His will.

In Our Lovely Deseret.



No. 3. Little Lispers.

J. L. Townshend. J. Hosler.



No. 80. Let's Be Kind to One Another.

E. S.

Allegretto.

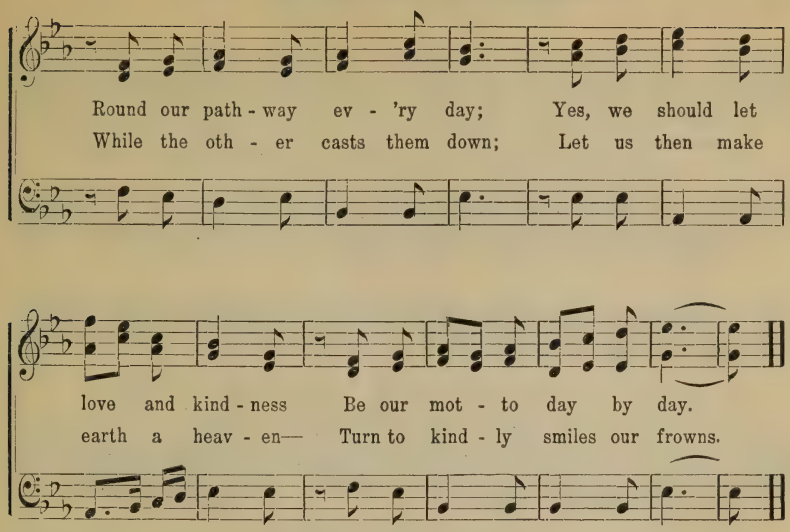
1. Let's be kind to one an - oth - er, Let us win each oth - er's
2. Ma - ny hearts are sad and wea - ry, Of the world with all its

love, Let each be a sis - ter—broth-er, As the an - gels are a-
toil, And this gloom, how-ev - er drear - y, Could be ban-ished by a

bove. Though we can't be pure and ho - ly, While as mor-tals
smile. And that smile would cost you noth - ing, Noth-ing more than

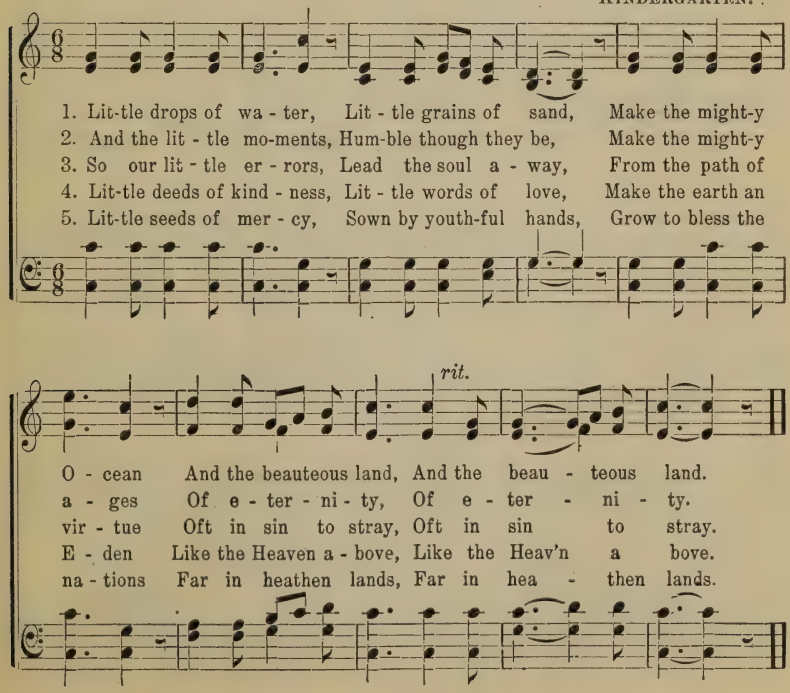
here we stay; Yet we can shed love and kind - ness
would a frown; One would raise them up to heav - en,

Let's Be Kind to One Another.



No. 8. Little Things.

KINDERGARTEN.



No 83. **Speak to Me Kindly.**

E. S.

1. Speak to me kindly, dear pa - pa, On - ly speak kindly to me, And I will try to do all things
2. I may not al - ways be near you, And were I ab - sent or dead. Then I am sure you'd be sor - ry

Pleasing to mamma and thee; Oh if you knew how the harsh words Fall on the heart of your child, Driving a way all the sunshine, Making me reckless and wild.
For each harsh word you had said; I know I ought to be bet - ter, And I would be if I could, And with your love to as - sist me, I will improve till I'm good.

Speak to Me Kindly.

CHORUS

If you would only speak kindly, I could be better I know,

Loving - ly always correct me, Showing the way I should go.

No. 84. Lillies and Roses.

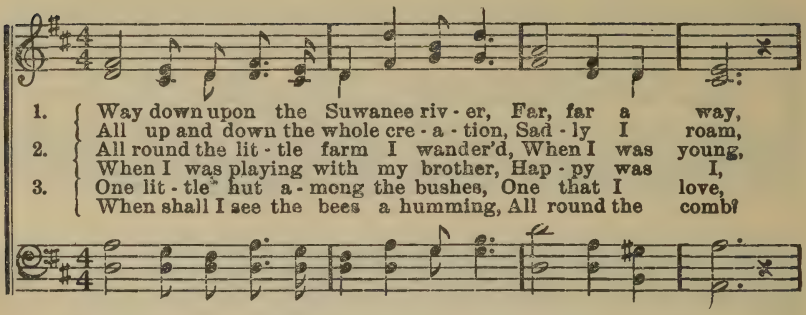
J. P. Olsen.

1. When a child breathes a pure and gentle pray - er, Or cheers with gen - tle words an-oth - er's gloom, In heavenly gar - dens springs a li - ly fair, Before the an - gels evermore to bloom.
2. But when he works with strong and earnest will Some kindly act, beneath God's watchful eyes, A fragrant rose, more rare and precious still, Makes glad the shining fields of para - dise.

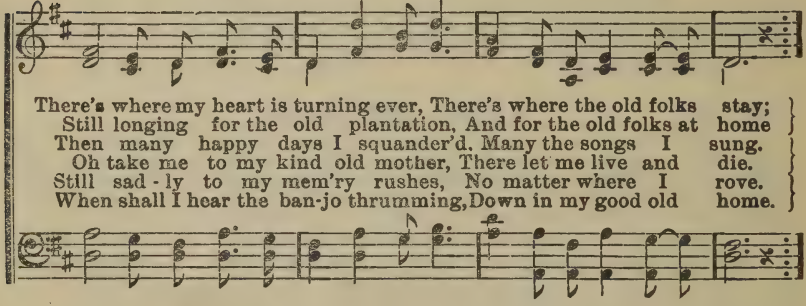
No 85.

Suwanee River.

S. C. F. S. C. FOSTER.

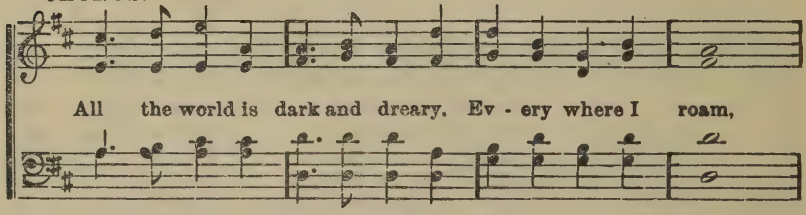


1. Way down upon the Suwanee riv - er, Far, far a way,
All up and down the whole cre - a - tion, Sad - ly I roam,
2. All round the lit - tle farm I wander'd, When I was young,
When I was playing with my brother, Hap - py was I,
3. One lit - tle hut a - mong the bushes, One that I love,
When shall I see the bees a humming, All round the comb?

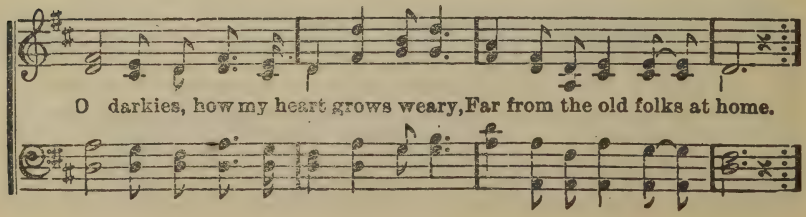


There's where my heart is turning ever, There's where the old folks stay;
Still longing for the old plantation, And for the old folks at home
Then many happy days I squander'd, Many the songs I sung.
Oh take me to my kind old mother, There let me live and die.
Still sad - ly to my mem'ry rushes, No matter where I rove.
When shall I hear the ban-jo thrumming, Down in my good old home.

CHORUS.



All the world is dark and dreary. Ev - ery where I roam,



O darkies, how my heart grows weary, Far from the old folks at home.

No. 86. Rock-a-bye Baby.

H. A. Tuckett.

1. Rock - a - bye ba - by on the tree top, When the wind
2. Rock - a - bye ba - by pa - pa is hunting, Ma - ma is

blows the cradle will rock, When the bough breaks the
wait - ing glad - ly his com - ing, Rise with the lark, love,

Vins.

cradle will fall; Down will come ba - by cradle and all.
and gladly greet him, All will be joy with thee to day.

Sleep, sleep, sleep, ba - by sleep,

Sleep, ba - by sleep till the dawn of the day,

Rock-a-bye Baby.

Sleep till the dawn of the day,

Sleep, ba - by, sleep till dawn of day,

Sleep, sleep, sleep, ba - by, sleep

Sleep, ba - by, sleep till the dawn of the day.

1st time.

Then a wake.

Organ

2nd time. *D.C.*

Sleep, then a wake. Ah!

Children join hands and swing back and forth to imitate the rocking of a cradle, while singing the first part, remaining still for the second part. Join hands again at the pause, Ah!

No 87. There is a Happy Land.

HINDOO MELODY.

1. There is a happy land, Far, far a way. Where Saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Oh, how they sweetly sing, Worthy is our Savior King, Loud let His praises ring, Praise, praise for aye!
2. Bright in that happy land, Beams ev'ry eye; Kept by a Father's hand, Love cannot die. Oh, then to glo - ry run; Be a crown and kingdom won, And bright above the sun, We'll reign for aye!
3. Come to that happy land, Come, come a way, Why will ye doubling stand, Why still de - lay? Oh, we shall hap - py be, When from sin and sorrow free, Lord, we shall live with Thee, Blest, blest for aye!

No. 88. Welcome to All.

H. A. TUCKETT.

Allegretto

1. Welcome to all, With joy we give you greet - ing, And may our mirthful sing - ing gladden every heart;
2. Welcome to all, And may all care and sor - row Be ban - ished a - far that all may happy be.

Welcome to All.

Welcome to all the air with mu - sic ring - ing,
Welcome to all and may your smiling fac - es,

and may we all be happy when we part.
Greet us with joy as we warble forth in glee.

Children join hands and swing from side to side.

CHORUS.

And we gai - ly sing tra la la la, And we

gaily sing tra la la la. And we gai - ly sing tra la la

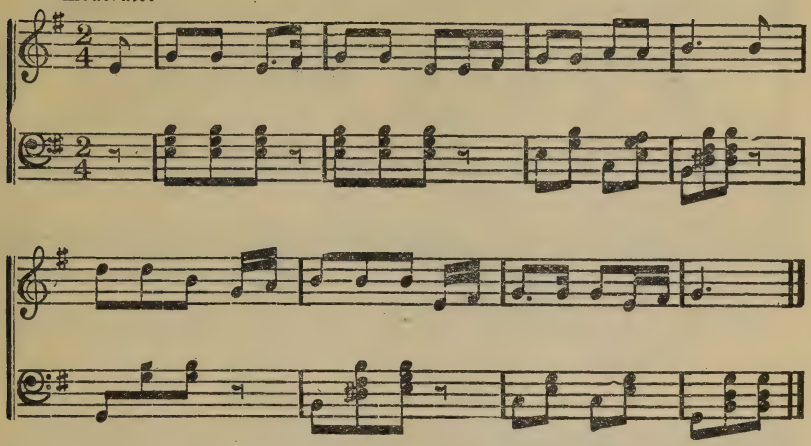
Repeat Chorus pp.

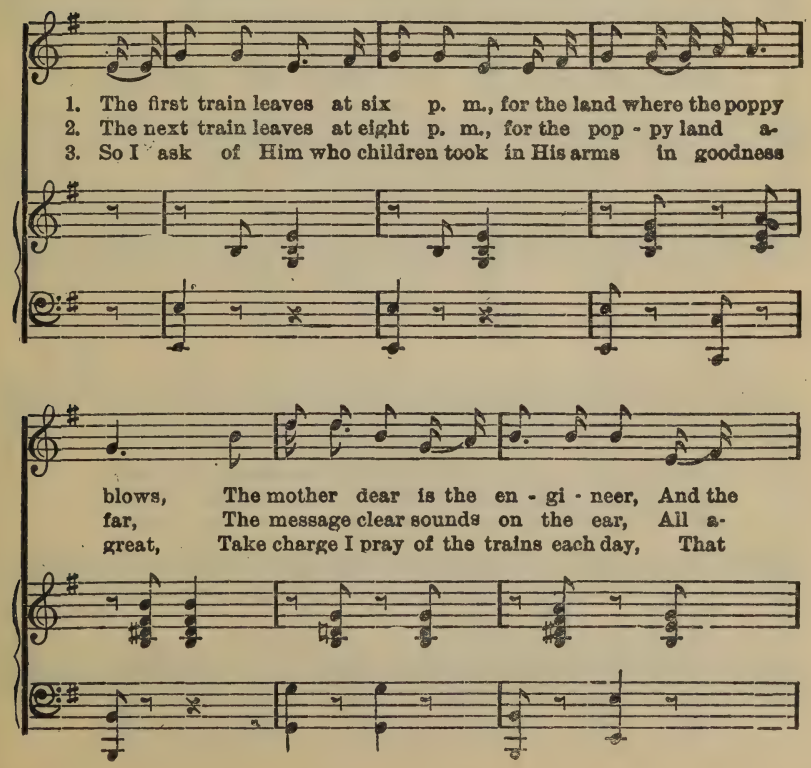
la, We're as hap - py as larks all the day.

No. 89. The Evening Train.

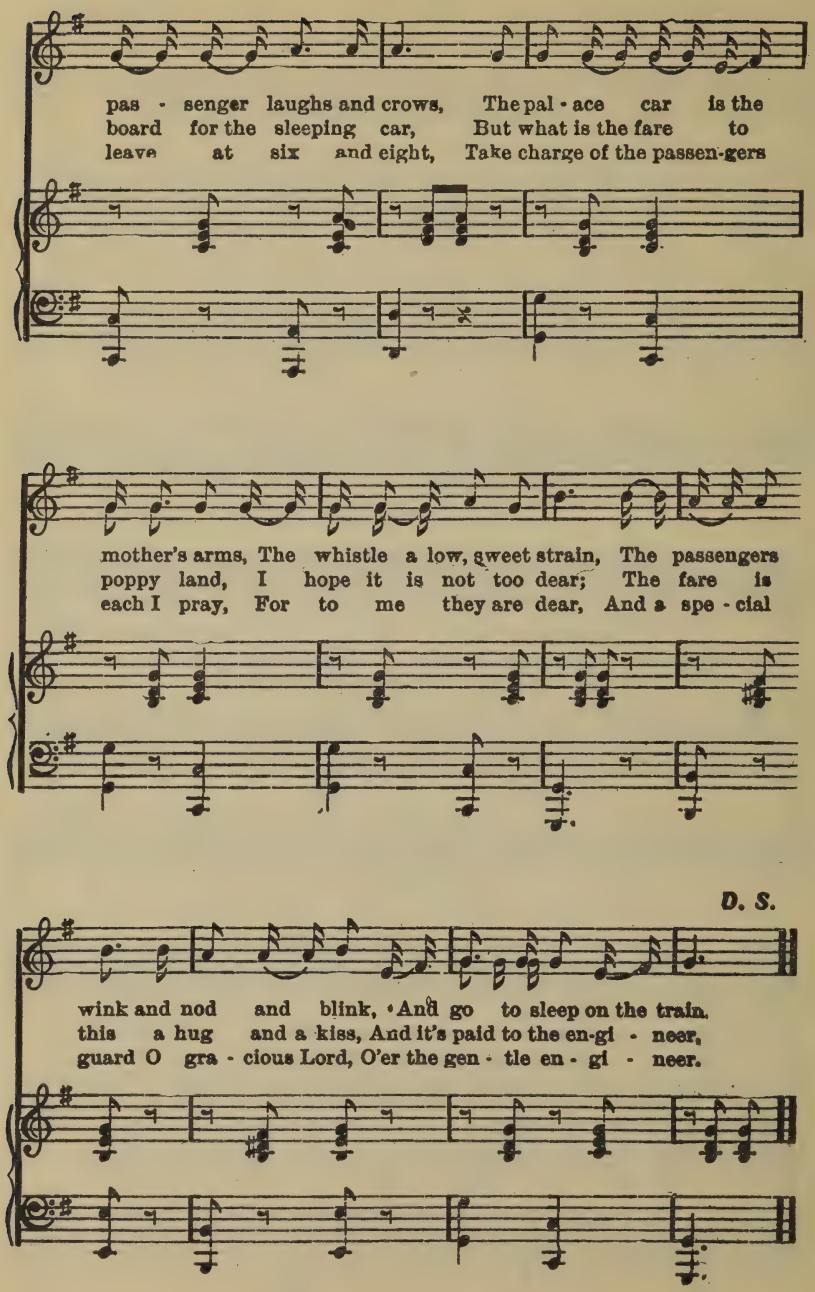
E. Beesley.

Moderato.





The Evening Train.



No. 90. Bless the Children.

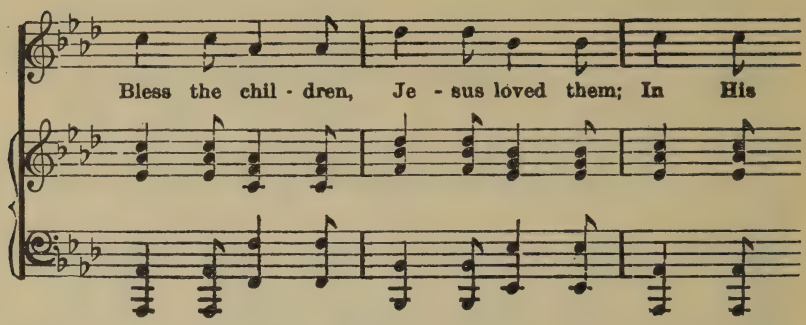
LUCY A. CLARK. GEO. CARELESS.

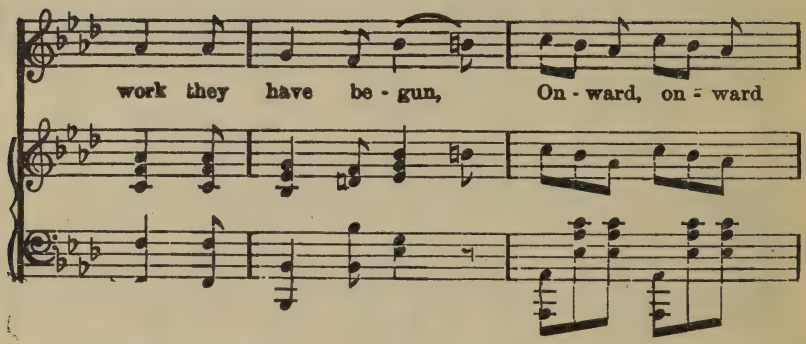
Moderato.

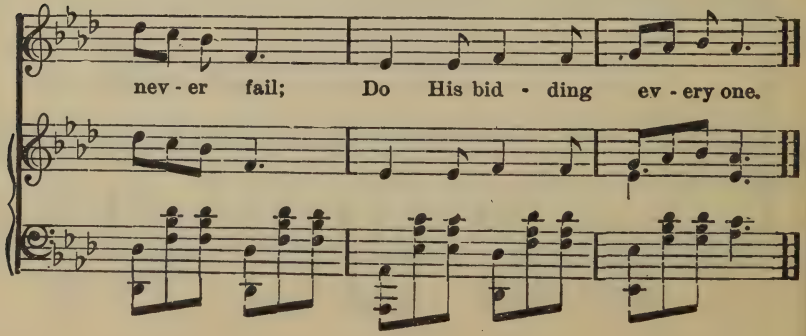
1. Blessings on all Zi - on's children; May their lit - tle feet ne'er stray From the paths of truth and vir - tue; Keep them in the nar - row way.
2. Guide them with His ho - ly Spir - it, Shield them with His gra - cious pow - er; Then if e - vil should assail them, They can stand the try - ing hour.
3. Ho - ly Fa - ther, up in hea - ven, Send thine an - gels from a - bove, To pro - tect these lit - tle jew - els; For Thy name they dear - ly love.
4. Place around them God's whole ar - mor, Pure and spot - less lead them home Un - to Him who wise ly sent them To earn a place beside His throne.

Bless the Children.

CHORUS.







No. 91. A Prayer.

SELECTED. OLD TUNE.

1. Up to me sweet childhood looketh, Heart and mind and soul a-
2. Give to me a cheerful spirit, That my lit - tle flock may
3. Let Thy ho - ly coun-sel lead me; Let Thy light before me

wake; Teach me of Thy ways, O Father! Teach me
1—That its blos - som - ing may praise Thee, Praise Thee
see It is good and pleasant ser - vice, Pleasant
2—That in fol'wing me, the children, May not
shine, That they may not stumble o - ver An - y
3—"Let the lit - tle ones come to me; And for-

:S:

Fine.

for sweet childhood's sake. In their young hearts soft and
where - so - e'er they go.
to be taught of Thee. Father, or - der all my
ev - er go as - tray.
word or deed of mine. Draw us hand in hand to
bid, for - bid them not."

Go back to :S:

ten - der, Guide my hand good seed to sow,
foot - steps; So di - rect my dai - ly way,
Je - sus For His word's sake, un - for - got,—

No. 92. Our Work and Our Wealth.

OLD TUNE. WORDS BY L. L. GREENE RICHARDS

Tenderly.

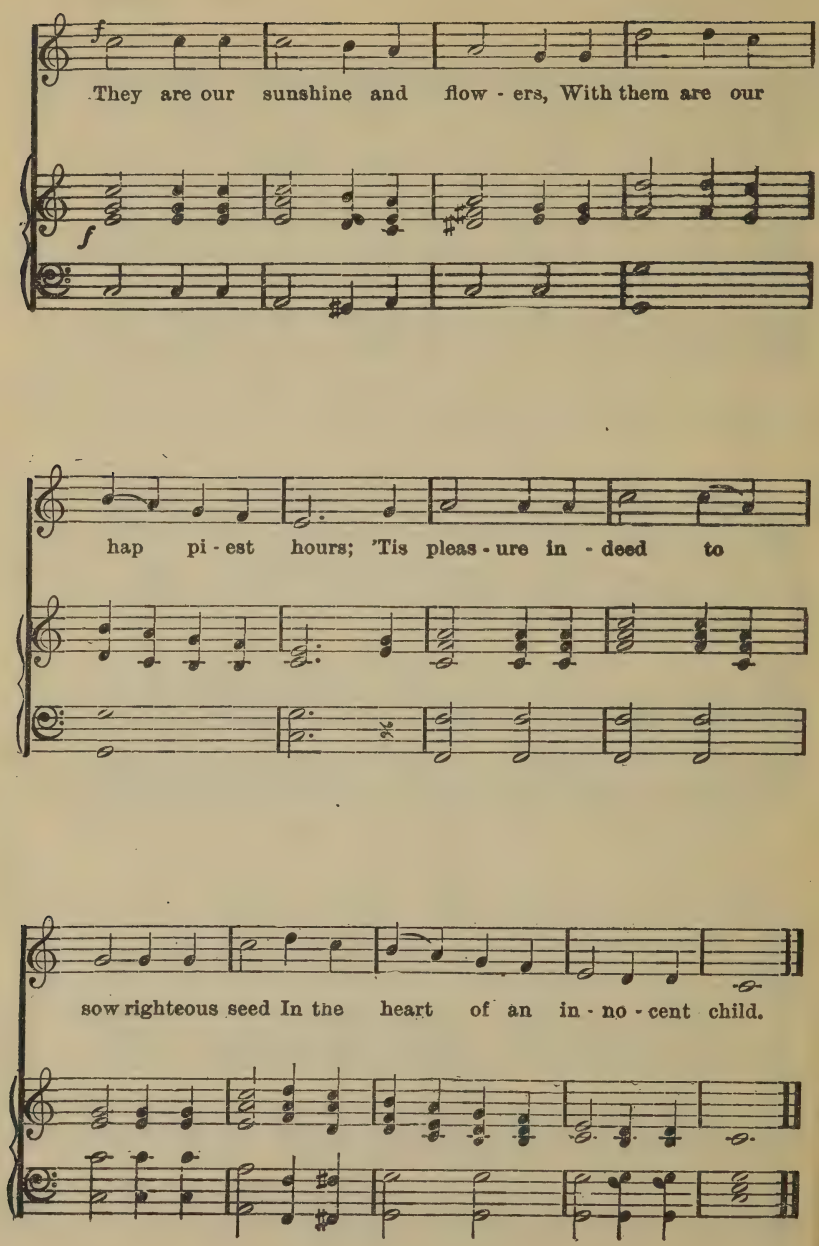
1. Our work is with the children, They claim our special care, For them we plan and la - bor, With them our lives we share. We can - not, must not, shrink, But hum - bly act our parts; For the children's eyes are on us, And we hold their trusting hearts.
2. Most sa - cred is the mission, Our God hath called us to, No work requires more patience, More perfect lives and true. But oh! we can - not fail, A - mid our world of cares, For the children's faith up - holds us, And they name us in their prayers.
3. Next to the blessed parents, Who gave these children birth, We are their foremost helpers, Their truest friends on earth. We seek not worldly wealth, Our hopes are far a - bove; We are rich in heaven-ly treasures, For we have the children's love.

No. 93. Sweet is the Work.

MARY A. BALL. GEO. CARELESS.

Allegro.

1. Sweet is the work among chil - dren, The pure lit - tle in - no - cent throng; Our work seems not work, but a pleas - ure, To list to their beau - ti - ful song.
2. They teach us how to be gen - tle, For - giv - ing as ev - ery one should, Teach us the Sa - vior's ex- am - ple; With chil - dren we learn to be good.
3. Bless all the Pri - mar - y work - ers, In - spire them with love's gentle power. Fa - ther in hea - ven re- ward them For feed - ing Thy lambs with such care.

Sweet is the Work.

CHORUS.